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OUR OWN VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN CONFLICT.

THE sentiments with which Great Britain regards the struggle which is now raging in America are little understood there, and not always very distinctly defined even to our own minds. Yet they are rational, they are strong, they are tolerably fixed and consistent, and quite as unanimous, or at least as widely and generally entertained, as sentiments can be expected to be among a people accustomed to think for themselves and divided into many parties and many classes. And if something of self-interest mingles with and modifies our views and wishes on the subject, this is an alloy of which we need not be ashamed, and which they ought not to resent; for we feel perfectly convinced that the solution we pray for is as desirable for the one nation as for the other; and that our interests, and those of humanity at large, are in this instance, as in nearly all, absolutely, demonstrably, and directly in unison. There is no malignity, there is no mean jealousy, there is no base or ungenerous exultation, in any one of our sentiments towards America or in reference to American affairs—nothing that we cannot plainly avow and honestly defend.

Our first wish is, of course, that the conflict should cease, on whatever terms. Its continuance damages England as well as desolates the States. It has destroyed a large and lucrative branch of our commerce; it has deranged our staple industry to a terrible extent; it has brought destitution and idleness upon the most energetic section of our working class; it has interrupted and made unsafe much of our maritime enterprise; it has introduced much irritation and annoyance into our diplomatic relations; and has greatly exasperated the ill-feeling which was always more or less existent among the less educated portions of the two communities. It has been to us a source of real pain and anxiety, both on material and moral considerations. And whatever Americans may fancy, it is no satisfaction to us, but a deep grief, to watch the devastation which the war has brought upon a land whose wonderful prosperity and boundless resources were a matter of unfeigned and simple admiration to us; to read of the slaughter of tens of thousands, many of whom were once our countrymen, and some of whom we have personally known; and to think of the horrible sufferings of hundreds of thousands of others, wounded, sick, desolate, and untended. It is no gratification to watch the wasted wealth of a country whose wealth was freely interchanged with ours; the impoverishment of our best customers; the enforced interruption of the productiveness of the best suppliers of our wants. Above all, it is sad to witness the fierce passions and the brutal temper of barbarism spreading over a people that in some respects

stood in the front ranks of civilization; to see the progress of the Western World put back for a century; and to think how a generation must pass away before the evils of the last three years can be undone. We long, therefore, earnestly for the termination of this civil strife, in order that production may resume its old channels; that commerce may be once more free; that bloodshed and devastation may be ended; and that Christian peace and Christian feelings may again reign among a Christian and a kindred race.

After this, our wishes undoubtedly point to the conclusion of the strife by the independence of the South. There are many reasons why we hold this to be the consummation most devoutly to be wished—some English, some American, some humanitarian. Any other solution we feel satisfied could only be artificial, unprofitable, and temporary. The restoration of the Union, if that were possible, by the conquest and exhaustion of the South, would not restore cultivation or revive commerce, and could only be the result of such proceedings as would virtually reduce the rich and productive regions of the Confederacy to a desert. A cessation of the war by such an issue as would entail upon one half the Union the task of keeping down the other half by military force, and leave all the furious animosity which has been aroused between the sections raging as vehemently as ever, though no longer finding a natural vent upon the battle-field, might gratify our bad feelings, if we had any, by keeping the United States as weak and miserable and paralyzed as their bitterest enemy could desire, but would not render them pleasant to trade with, would not make them abundant producers of cotton, brisk consumers of our goods, or ready and easy payers of their debts. A reconstruction of the Union on the basis of negotiation and compromise, if such a solution were possible, which we do not believe, could only be a hollow and temporary truce, from which no good could result,—or if it were real and abiding, would be a great evil purchased by a great wrong. For two things we regard as absolutely certain. *First*, that no such re-union could be negotiated, except upon the foundation of the re-establishment and reconstruction of slavery on its old footing, wherever it had really taken root, and that any endeavour to endanger or discuss this compromise, when once adopted, would be persecuted more savagely than ever, just in proportion to the universal sentiment which would prevail, that it was an artificial and an unholy compromise. Thus the social evil of the South, and the moral evil to the North, would come back in a worse form than ever, from the failure of the conflict which ought at least to have liberated one party. And *secondly*, such a restoration of the Union as is here supposed, by mutual consent and on terms of something like equality and cordiality, would be a fearful mischief and

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danger to the world at large. The old dictatorial insolence would revive, to be more overbearing and encroaching than ever, because aggravated by the military spirit which has been awakened, and the military strength which has been developed in civil strife;—the sense of irresistible might which prompted the old dreams of universal empire over the Western Continent would be confirmed and made, as it were, practical by the existence of a vast horde of soldiers, only half-disciplined but too lawless and ruffianly for any other trade,—so that foreign war, and war probably with England, would become almost unavoidable;—and that demoralizing feeling of having no rival, and no equal antagonist to compress and restrain them, which we have more than once pointed out as the sentiment which has so injured and poisoned the whole tone of American civilization, would be more than ever impressed upon minds whose views and temper have undergone a deplorable change for the worse, by the passionate crisis they have gone through. All our hopes of improvement, both for North and South, would be dissipated by such an issue. Their respective institutions, with all their faults, would have taken out a fresh lease of life; the tyranny of the mere numerical majority would become more oppressive than ever; individual freedom of mind and action, never strong and much weakened by Federal violence during the war, would be almost destroyed under a reign of terror, and the lower and corrupter elements of the population would acquire a preponderance even more unchecked than before. In short, no one can doubt that the moral tone of the American people, at the North at least, has suffered much deterioration by the war; and that this deterioration would be perpetuated by a successful reconstitution of the Union.

But, while the sympathies of Englishmen in general have gone with the Confederates in their struggle,—partly because they fought so gallantly, but more because it was felt that their cause was just, and that they were fighting for those independent State rights which the Federal Government were resolved to overpower,—that theirs, in fact, was a wholesome resistance to that lawless "tyranny of the majority," which, as Tocqueville long ago pointed out, is the deadly curse and the crying sin of the American democracy,—still there is no desire to see the Southerners preponderant,—no wish that they should come so triumphant out of the conflict as to be able to form the most powerful State of the two. England would never see without pain and grief the establishment of a mighty empire, with an immense future and an extending territory, of which slavery should be the foundation and the corner-stone. We desire the separation of North and South, and the recognition and consolidation of Southern independence, not only because that solution appears to us most just and most conducive to the best interests of humanity, but also because we are convinced that it offers the surest and earliest prospect for the amelioration of the slaves, and the ultimate extinction of slavery. We have long been satisfied that such an institution, when looked upon with grave and open condemnation by the whole civilized world,—when no longer sustained by the power of the entire United States, as it hitherto has been,—and when no longer having a nearly unlimited expanse of virgin territory wherein to extend and flourish, could not permanently, could not long exist. We were, and we are, sure that all the more thoughtful and influential statesmen of the South, as soon as peace shall enable and oblige them to set their house in order, and to face the political necessities of their future, will read this conclusion as decidedly as we have done, and will prepare for action in that sense. We have confidence, moreover, that the planters and the population generally of the South, when no longer daily irritated, and driven half frantic with resentment and alarm, by the taunts and denunciations and insurrectionary excitements lavished on them by Northern abolitionists, will allow those better and humaner and more rational sentiments, with which most of them formerly regarded their negroes, to reassert themselves; and that, when freed from all dread of interference from without, they will address themselves seriously to the work of improving the condition of those whose fate is in their hands, and of fitting them for gradual, ultimate, modified emancipation.

We feel that this, though a distant and a slow prospect, is probably the best for an evil which has reached such a magnitude, and which affects such enormous numbers. Therefore, though we wish the Southern Confederacy to be independent, we also wish it to be limited. We should be sorry indeed

to see it the more powerful of the two; we should be sorry to see it so great, or with so indefinite a boundary, that dreams of a slave empire could take serious hold of its imagination; we desire, in a word, to see it so curtailed and so defined that, for its own sake and safety, and by absolute economic and political compulsion, it shall have to take measures for raising, as speedily and judiciously as may be, its three millions of slaves, first into serfs, and then into free working men with distinct and assured civil rights—for changing them from a "dangerous class" into the "working class." We desire, finally, that the new nation shall be so limited both in territory and in power that it shall be on its good behaviour before the world; that it shall feel that its position will depend upon the character it shall maintain and the institutions it shall develop; that its people shall not be able to feel, as did the old Union, that it matters not what blunders they may make, what language they may hold, what wrongs they may commit, since they are so powerful that no one can punish them, so safe that no errors can seriously endanger them, so inexhaustible in their resources that neither crime, nor carelessness, nor folly can much retard their progress or compromise their growth.

England, then, wishes three things:—That the war in America should cease; that it should cease by the recognition of Southern independence; and that the severance of the two nations shall be on terms which will leave neither powerful enough to persist in wrong or to commit injustice with impunity. Surely in these wishes there is nothing that a generous and conscientious people need scruple to avow.

LORD CLYDE.

IF Lord Clyde had died a month sooner, he would have been buried with becoming pomp in Westminster Abbey; but it is the end of August, Parliament has risen, the Ministers are out of town, and therefore the shattered body of the old veteran must be deposited, like that of any ordinary gentleman, in Kensal-green Cemetery. If this act of neglect is perpetrated, of course no one will be held responsible. There is as yet no Minister, at £5,000 a-year, with a staff of clerks, charged with the special duty of determining who are worthy to lie beside the illustrious statesmen and warriors of the Abbey and St. Paul's. There is, indeed, a precedent for the interference of the Prime Minister on a similar occasion, even in the month of September. For, unless we forget, it was Lord Derby who was Prime Minister when the great Duke died, and he at once took upon himself the order of his burial. It is commonly supposed that Lord Palmerston understands better than most men the character of Englishmen; but, unless he promptly interferes to correct the supercilious ignorance of his subordinates, he stands in danger of losing some share of his popularity. There would, indeed, be a bitter consistency if our rulers were to permit the body of the dead field-marshal to be deposited in the wilderness of Kensal-green. The old man met with little but neglect for half a century, and a private funeral can add nothing now to "the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy took" during a long and toilsome life.

Looking back through the career of Colin Campbell, it is difficult to say which feeling predominates—admiration for the man who could exhibit such noble perseverance amidst all the hardships incident to his profession, or disgust at a system the effect of which is to ignore the meritorious and to promote the influential. Look through the Army List and see whether there be any man of good family or good fortune, whose fate can be compared with that of Colin Campbell. As a boy of fifteen he stood on the heights of Vimiera, and took part in the bloody field of Corunna. In the pestilential swamps of Walcheren, still a boy, he caught a fever, which never left him all his life. For five years and a half he served with Wellington and Graham in the Peninsula. In 1814 and 1815 he served in America. Seven years he was in the West Indies, where, as he said himself, "I was constantly ill with fever." For more than thirteen years he was in India and China, and the greater part of the time in command of considerable bodies of troops. For eighteen years he was borne on the rolls of his regiment. As he himself said, "I was in actual command of the regiment for ten years and present with it; the remainder I served as a brigadier in China, and subsequently as brigadier commanding in the garrison of Lahore before the over-

throw of the Sikh Government; subsequently to that I commanded a division in the Punjab campaign, and afterwards a field force on the Peshawur frontier, where we were constantly engaged in war with the tribes inhabiting the mountains that intervene between the valley of the Indus and the open country of Afghanistan." Thus after forty-six years' service in the Peninsula, in America, in the West Indies, in China, in India, and at home, Colin Campbell was still a lieutenant-colonel—that rank he only attained after twenty-five years, and he was still a lieutenant-colonel when the Crimean war broke out. With all his merit and all his perseverance, even Colin Campbell was never able to rise higher than a captain, for, as he said himself, it was only by money, obtained with the utmost difficulty, that he reached the rank of major or that of lieutenant-colonel. Even the character which he earned for himself in the Crimea did not secure him justice. Men like Sir James Simpson and General Codrington were placed over his head; and, had it not been for the Indian mutiny, he would certainly have been postponed to the Ansons, the Aireys, the Gordons, and the Ashburnhams.

Now, does any one believe if Colin Campbell, instead of being the son of a Glasgow cabinetmaker, had been the weakest scion of the most poverty-stricken house of nobility, or the dullest child of a rich merchant, that he would have been compelled to wait five-and-twenty years before attaining his lieutenant-colonelcy? Ransack the Army List, and see how many instances there are of the kind. But even if there were such cases, what follows? If the military system of this country is such that a man like Lord Clyde must wait five-and-twenty years before he commands a regiment, and some sixty years before he can become a general officer, there is surely no existing institution which calls more loudly for reform. It is true that at length the Scotch lad did become a Field-Marshal and a Peer of the realm. But this result was only obtained because the man was endowed with a perseverance which was almost supernatural, and because there happened to be a war with Russia, followed by a gigantic rebellion which imperilled a whole empire. The exception sometimes proves the rule. And if our military system is such as to require a two years' siege and a falling empire before an old and well-tried officer can obtain reasonable promotion, that system must stand condemned.

It is notorious that, although Lord Clyde was too modest to obtrude his wrongs upon the public ear, he felt them deeply. His opinion against the purchase system was strong, nor did he fail to express it. He himself had suffered severely under that system. He was too good a soldier and too honest a man to consider that a sufficient reason for pronouncing its condemnation. But his experience had convinced him that it had an injurious effect upon the British army generally, and that meritorious officers suffered the severest injustice from its operation. It is impossible to read the evidence of Lord Clyde upon this subject without being convinced of the evils of the purchase system, and of the urgent necessity of a change. "I have known many estimable men," he said, "having higher qualities as officers than usual—men of real promise and merit, and well educated, but who could not purchase; when such men were purchased over, their ardour cooled and they frequently left the service; or when they continued, it was from pure necessity, and not from any love of their profession." Such, according to Lord Clyde, are the feelings of a large proportion of the officers in the British army. Fortunately Lord Clyde himself was gifted with extraordinary perseverance, so that he finally succeeded in obtaining his reward. But his case is rare. He desired and he advocated a change. But the traditions of the Horse Guards were too strong for him. Now that he is dead, let us hope that some one, armed with his authority, may revive the subject, and that the abolition of the purchase system may be finally carried.

THE FRENCH POSITION IN MEXICO.

BEFORE attempting to disentangle the Mexican embroglio, which has all the characteristics of a *Cosa d'España*, it will lighten the labour if we glance at the progress of events since Maréchal Forey entered Mexico at the head of 15,000 French troops. The information which reaches Europe is derived from two antagonistic sources, and passes through two hostile channels,—the one from the

French general, and through Paris; the other from Juarez, and through New York. However discordant they may be in the accounts they give of the opinions of the Mexican nation, in one extraordinary and important particular they agree,—viz., that the position of the French in the capital has been jeopardised, and that it is not yet vindicated and secured. A recent despatch *vid* New York stated that General Negrette, at the head of a body of Mexican troops, principally cavalry, had thrown himself between Mexico and Vera Cruz, in the neighbourhood of Puebla, had cut the communications between the capital and the seaport—that is to say, had isolated the French army from its base of operation,—and thirty days had elapsed without news arriving from head-quarters at the sea-board. The intelligence was looked on as a New York *canard*, and seemed totally unworthy of credit. But, strange to say, there was an unusual delay in the arrival of despatches from the Maréchal which justifies the New York telegram. His last despatch confirms it, and admits that the army of invasion has been "as it were blockaded." That there may be no doubt, we quote the *ipsissima verba*: "Avant de songer à envoyer des forces au loin, il fallait s'occuper d'abord à purger les environs de la capitale des bandes qui en forment, pour ainsi dire, le blocus. D'un autre côté, Negrette, secondé par Aurellano, Carbajal, &c., organisait des forces considérables à Tlascala pour opérer dans l'état de Puebla et couper nos communications. L'occupation de cette ville devenait ainsi indispensable; j'ai donc pris des mesures pour faire face à ces diverses nécessités."

Maréchal Forey thus admits the blockade, "as it were," of 15,000 French troops by a vanquished and disorganised foe. This will perhaps hereafter be found to be the reason of the Maréchal's recall, for it is not creditable to his generalship—not more so than was the surrender of Ulm to Mack's. Whether the blockade, "as it were," has been forced, or merely evaded to transmit this despatch to the seaboard, does not appear. But it is worthy of note that while the Maréchal's despatch is dated the 25th June, the despatch enclosing it, from Vera Cruz, bears date the 16th July, although the distance between the two cities is not more than eighty leagues, and used to be done by the old American-built coaches in eight days. It certainly seems improbable that, were there no obstacles intervening, the Maréchal would not keep his Government informed up to the latest moment; and still more improbable that in the fortnight which elapsed between the date of the despatch and the departure of the mail, nothing should have occurred of sufficient importance to be communicated—not even the raising of the blockade and the discomfiture of Negrette. Despatches from Mexico have been received down to the 11th. The measures adopted by the Maréchal prove the gravity of his position. During the period that passed after his entry into Mexico, amid the acclamations and sympathetic welcome of the nation, he was, by his own admission, unable to pursue Juarez, or occupy important points, because of this blockade. To render his position in the city as secure as practicable, a French column, under Colonel de la Canorgue, moved on Tlascala, accompanied by a Mexican detachment under General Gutierrez, which was to establish itself at Apan. Colonel Aymard, of the 62nd, was in position at Pachuca. General Mejia, possessing influence at Queretaro, was to occupy this town with sufficient force. Another column was to take possession of Toluca; and, lastly, the cavalry were cantoned in the neighbourhood of the capital. By these dispositions the Maréchal hoped to render secure a zone large enough round the city, and to maintain intact his communications with Puebla. But as to the preservation of the lines from Puebla to Vera Cruz—precisely the most difficult part—nothing seems to have been done.

To understand this position, the reader will trace the progress of the army of invasion on the map. He will then perceive that the mountain-range running from Jalapa to Orizaba, between the south and north roads which lead from Vera Cruz to Mexico, offers a position capable of being made as formidable an obstacle to the invasion of Mexico as Torres Vedras was to the invasion of Portugal, and of being held as a fortress to command the lines of communication between the capital and the seaport. If the Mexican generals had been equal to their duties at the commencement, and possessed of no more than a mere elementary knowledge of the art of war, they could have paralyzed the activity of the French army and prevented its advance on Mexico for a

considerable time; or else have compelled the expenditure of so much time, labour, men, and money—and that by the mere strength of their position, almost without the necessity of firing a shot—that France would have recoiled before the enterprise, discovering at the eleventh hour that *le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle*. The range is inaccessible to a direct advance from Vera Cruz, though skirted at the north and south bases by the roads proceeding from the seaport to the interior. It is crossed in the direction of its length by a road, little better than a bridle-path, running from Orizaba to Jalapa. If, before the French left Vera Cruz, the Mexicans had constructed an entrenched camp in the centre of the range for twenty or thirty thousand men, taking care to provide them with munitions *de bouche et de guerre*, instead of meeting the French as they advanced on the road and defending Puebla, the latter would not have ventured to advance (i.e., execute a flank movement) along either of the roads. Had they done so, the Mexicans could have attacked them under the most favourable circumstances, have isolated them, and have interrupted their lines of communication with their base of operations—Vera Cruz. The French would then have been obliged to sit down in front of the hills, as Massena did before Torres Vedras, or to have besieged the entrenched camp. For this latter purpose they would have had to construct roads passable for artillery, over miles of mountains, and always under fire. Mexican light troops could have hovered on their flanks, capturing convoys and stragglers; and by constant alarms have compelled the French to remain under arms day and night, wearying them out, and aiding the destructive effects of the climate.

It would appear that the Mexicans have at last discovered the error committed in their policy of defence, and that they have decided to use the ground in question as a fortress, from which they can intercept the communications of the French with their base, and so compel the evacuation of the capital, and, it is hoped by the patriots, the surrender of its invaders. Among the more exalted of the national party Forey is likened to Dupont. The Spaniards of the West promise to emulate the deeds of their fathers in the East, and to achieve a victory which may rank with the capitulation of Baylen. Whether the Mexican generals will have the courage and skill to carry out this strategy, and the soldiers the valour and discipline to attack the French,—whether, in fine, Negrette will be as fortunate as Castanos—remains to be seen. The idea of such a thing occurring will perhaps raise a smile; but, after all, there is no telling what desperate resistance the most effeminate people will offer in defence of their homes and national independence. Up to the present time no precautions have been taken to prevent the Mexicans occupying the mountain-range referred to. If they once succeed in establishing themselves there, Maréchal Forey's communications are cut; he will be obliged to evacuate Mexico, recall his expeditionary columns, and concentrate all his efforts to drive the Mexicans from their position, in which they are equal to the best troops.

Decidedly Maréchal Forey *n'a pas la main heureuse*, and it is not a bit too soon that he should be recalled and replaced by General Bazain. The Maréchal, trained to his trade in Africa with Pelissier and St. Arnaud, is unaccustomed to the courtesies and humanity wherewith civilized nations temper the hardships of war. It is said that he distinguished himself in the Crimea; but the army prefer speaking of him as being notorious for returning before the war was ended to Paris, on private affairs, and declare that it was not until the Italian war he recovered his standing. It is dangerous to speak for a body of men, but it is generally believed that he is not liked by the soldiers. On the review of the 19th Regiment of Foot, of his division, in the Place du Carrousel, previous to its departure for the Crimea, several young soldiers, almost suffocated by the stock and weight of baggage, and exhausted by being under arms since four a.m., fell out of the ranks and fainted. Whereupon the general rode up, and in the harshest manner scolded the whole regiment as *poules mouillées*—an offensive epithet which the *piou-pious* are not likely to forget, and which has been handed down as a tradition in the regiment. Educated in a school wherein it is deemed legitimate warfare to suffocate the enemy with his wives and children, as in the case of Dahara, and wherein the mildest mode of correction consists of razzias and destruction of the means of winning food for years to come, Maréchal Forey has been rehearsing the Algerian system of government. He sequestered all

the property of Mexicans who had opposed the French invasion, and prohibited the exportation of specie. The Emperor, convinced that these harsh measures are not calculated to win for France the confidence and goodwill of Mexicans, has sent instructions to revoke the decree of sequestration, and to cancel the prohibition of the export of specie, for he has too much good sense not to know that such brutal, ignorant, and *soldatesque* proceedings are quite as mischievous as they are ridiculous. What is even more satisfactory than the recall of the Maréchal, is that of M. de Saligny, who has been the chief instrument of the French policy in Mexico till now, and the obstacle to the conclusion of peace.

A PALTRY COLONIAL WAR.

"IT is clear that between us and the Maories there is no peace." So says the *Times*, but it is wrong to say so. We are at peace with the better part of the native race in New Zealand. Thousands of them, quietly residing within the colonial pale, are ruled by the same law, and own the same allegiance, with their fellow-subjects of English birth. And even those tribes which still abide in the tolerated exercise of a practical semi-independence, beyond the frontiers of the Auckland and New Plymouth provinces, have never yet combined at once in hostility to ourselves. It is a rash assumption, that the conflict which has just broken out in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth, or Taranaki, is a continuation of the war that took place in that neighbourhood three years ago. We must, in fact, distinguish between one tribe, or rather league of tribes, with whom the Colonial Government most unfortunately quarrelled in 1860, and another sort of people, belonging to another part of the island, whom it is necessary to chastise in 1863. Let us see the actual state of the case.

A glance at the map of New Zealand, which is probably unfamiliar to those who have no friend or brother there, will show the different quarters whence these occasional troubles have arisen. It is in the larger or Northern Island of the New Zealand group, that the whole Maori race, excepting a few scattered hundreds, are to be found. Their total number is scarcely fifty thousand, and tends rather to decrease; so that the white people, almost purely English, already far exceed them, and will soon amount to double the native population. A considerable part of the Maories, dwelling, as we have remarked, in all good neighbourhood with our emigrant countrymen, have learned the arts of civilized life, and willingly become good useful members of colonial society. The remainder, still left beneath the jurisdiction of their own chiefs, occupy an extensive region of the interior, around the Lake Taupo and the lofty mountains of which Tongariro is the highest summit; but the most powerful tribes reside upon the banks of the Waikato and the Wanganui rivers. The Waikato, on the north-eastern side of that mountain range, flows into the South Pacific Ocean, near the well-known harbour of Manukau, on the western shore of the island. The Wanganui, on the other side, flows in a southerly direction to Cook's Straits. The province of New Plymouth, containing a small English settlement, occupies that corner of the island which is separated, by the Waikato district, from Auckland, the capital, and, by the Wanganui district, from Wellington, the second province of New Zealand. From its isolated position, therefore, New Plymouth is exposed to no slight danger in case of an attack by the wild native tribes.

Hence the disasters of 1860. The Waikato people had chosen to resent the purchase, on English account, of a plot of land at Waitara, only 600 acres in extent, which was sold at the fair price of £600 by its Maori proprietor, but to which, as they contended, the local tribe had an antecedent claim. It was the ancient burial-place or "bedchamber of the tribe;" it was the sacred field, where had been laid up, in ages past, one of those venerated canoes which had brought the ancestors of the Maori nation in their legendary voyage from the remotest isles of the sea. Colonel Gore Brown, then Acting Governor at Auckland, would not hear of such nonsense. He conceived that the denial of Te Teira's right to sell this patch of land was a virtual assertion of the paramount sovereignty of Maori potentates over the soil. Now, the Maori chiefs, by a solemn treaty with the British Government more than twenty years ago, ceded to Queen Victoria and her heirs for ever the sovereignty

of the whole of New Zealand. The outlying tribes were permitted, in 1859, to provide for their own domestic government, by electing a sort of President, whom they called "Wiremu Kingi,"—this being a mis-pronunciation of his Christian name "William," along with his title of "King." In the opinion of Colonel Gore Brown, they were conspiring, in 1860, to set up a real Maori monarchy, and to recover the whole island from the British Empire. He therefore, when the government surveyors were driven away from the land at Waitara, lost not a moment in declaring war against the native confederacy. It seems that he made a gross mistake. The present Governor, Sir George Grey, who, having ruled New Zealand for six years before, was already well acquainted with its people and their affairs, has just decided that the Maories were in the right, and that the English were in the wrong, about the sale of the Waitara block of land, which is now to be restored to the native tribe. Sir George, by his friendly demeanour towards the Maories, of whose language and traditions he is an accomplished scholar, has done much to conciliate those nearest to Auckland, visiting them without an escort, and frankly talking over the mutual interests of the two races. We have some reason to hope that the Waikato war, terminated by the successful operations of General Pratt in 1861, is not likely to be renewed. The defeat, for such it was, experienced by Major Nelson, with 300 of the 40th Regiment, in his attack on a native fortress at Puketakauere, in June, 1860, was very completely redeemed, upon the arrival of strong reinforcements from Australia, compelling the insurgent tribes to submit to British authority early in the following year. Since that time the peace of New Zealand has been undisturbed until last May, when it was again broken by the slaughter of seven or eight English soldiers, and the capture of a waggon laden with rifles and ammunition guarded by them. For this outrage the Governor has promptly begun to exact a full atonement.

We have never been disposed to echo the clamour of those colonial alarmists who insist on keeping a large force of British troops in New Zealand, at an expense to this country of more than half a million sterling in the last three years, for the protection of New Plymouth against its Maori neighbours. The British taxpayer has been inclined to suspect, that this is something like a job; and it is not long since the Duke of Newcastle plainly told the constitutional government at Auckland, that they must reckon upon having to pay the expense of their native wars out of the revenue of the colony. We find in a narrative of the war of 1860-1, just published by Colonel Carey, who accompanied the expedition of General Pratt, that his opinion on this subject agrees with our own. That gallant officer distinctly accuses a party among the colonists of a design to mislead us by exaggerated reports, with the sole object of keeping up our large military expenditure in New Zealand. He complains of the machinations of those who, for this dishonest purpose, foment every quarrel between settlers and natives, treating even the most friendly tribes with great brutality, and conspiring all they can to nullify the wise and generous policy of Sir George Grey. We invite the *Times* and other journals here at home, before they join in the popular outcry for a costly war of extermination, to consider the testimony of Colonel Carey in regard to this matter. He says that, to his mind, the position of affairs, when the campaign of 1861 was ended, gave "almost a guarantee" that the Waikato would avoid further hostilities, unless forced into them by the conduct of some of the colonists, who desire to profit by retaining British troops there, at a heavy charge to the imperial exchequer; even if they do not, as he broadly hints, covet an opportunity of exterminating the Maori race, and of dividing their land. Now, we do not mean to assert, with Mr. Goldwin Smith and others of his school, that the resources of the British empire should no longer be available to protect its distant colonies from attack. Those English emigrants, who leave the bosom of the mother country which has borne and nursed them, to create fresh Englands in the Far West or in the Far South, are dear to us by a thousand ties of social and family affection, as well as by their political loyalty, and by all the benefits of our future commerce with them. If Canada, if Australia, or if New Zealand, were really threatened with a foreign invasion, we trust that English blood and English money would be spent as lavishly for their defence as for that of any county in our own land at home. But we must insist

upon it, that where, as in the Cape Colony and in New Zealand, English settlers have nothing to do but to live and thrive in peace and amity with a scanty race of barbarous aborigines, they should either behave fairly towards their poor neighbours, or else pay the cost of every dispute with them. It is disgraceful to the manhood of our colonists, that the War-office Estimates, defrayed with so much difficulty by this heavily-burthened old country, should include such items as a Kaffir or a Maori War.

And, if the allegation be true, that some persons in the colony have busily plotted for a renewal of hostilities, with a view to their local or private gain, we have no language that will sufficiently denounce their villany in so base and cruel a fraud. We are scarcely yet informed of the real causes which have led this year to a deplorable quarrel, not with the Waikato, our former antagonists, but in an opposite quarter, with the Wanganui tribes. The Governor, upon whose justice and humanity we rely, could do no otherwise than employ General Duncan Cameron's little army, as he has done, in avenging the massacre of a party of our soldiers caught in a treacherous ambush. But feeling, as we do, that there is grave cause for national humiliation in these unhappy quarrels with a people committed by Divine Providence to our guardianship, and necessarily dependent upon our mercy, we have not the heart to glory in such an achievement as is reported by the last mail. General Cameron is a brave and skilful officer; the 57th regiment are good soldiers; they have done, as cleverly and gallantly as was to have been expected, that which it was their duty to do. The strongly fortified position of Tataraimaka, on the rugged banks of the Katikara River, was surprised and stormed, on the 4th of June, by a force of the 57th, 70th, and 65th regiments, with a hundred men of the Royal Artillery, in all 650, aided by three Armstrong guns, and by the shell-firing of H.M.S. *Eclipse*. The Maori defenders, who scarcely numbered one third of the attacking force, were quickly driven out; and those who were caught burrowing in their rifle-pits were all put to the bayonet's point, while others were burned in their huts. We cannot much exult over this mere execution of a stern, sad piece of work, that ought never to have been required. The colonial jobbers and contractors, who would profit by supplying barracks, food, and forage, to an army supported at our expense, may rejoice in the prospect now before them; India may find employment for some spare battalions of her ferocious Sikhs; the Horse-Guards may indulge a few candidates for promotion; the newspapers may be enlivened with a fresh topic of sensation, by the arrival of each Australian mail. But we shall prefer to examine, in the view of sound policy, and of our moral responsibility as a nation, whether New Zealand has dealt prudently and consistently with the Maori race.

THE NEW GERMAN CONFEDERATION SCHEME.

IT is rather whimsical to think of His Cæsarean Royal Apostolic Majesty going to meet the assembled Sovereign Princes of Germany in the Free Imperial City of Frankfurt, to propose for their discussion a Germanic Federation Reform Bill. There are four Kings (but the King of Prussia stands aloof) and five Grand Dukes, with as many Dukes who do not style themselves Grand, half a dozen reigning Princes, and a quartett of civic Republican burgomasters, who have met in conclave to hear the Emperor of Austria propound his scheme of a new Constitution for the German Union. What will they make of it? Let us first see what sort of a thing it is.

All political business may in general be described as either of the executive or of the legislative kind. The executive department of the common affairs of Germany is to be managed by a Directory and a Federal Council, of which we shall speak presently. The task, meantime, of legislation is nominally to devolve upon a Chamber of Delegates and an Assembly of Princes; but really the Delegates, elected, like the Senators of an American Congress, by the several legislatures of their respective States, will form only a consultative body; and the Sovereign Princes, convened in person, or else represented by members of their own family, will adopt such laws as they please. Nor will the Chamber of Delegates itself contain more than a partial admixture of the popular representative element, strained through the separate Parliaments of the different German States; for in

those States where an Upper and Lower House exist, one-third of the Delegates sent to the Confederation must be elected by the House of Lords. These Delegates may talk, with reporters to publish their speeches, and they may pass resolutions; but after all said and done, the Emperor, the Kings, Grand Dukes, other Dukes, and Sovereign Princes will "make what likes them law and gospel," obliging not only the Federal Executive, but the separate Governments of all the German States, to carry their will into effect.

The Federal Executive is to consist, as we have seen, in its active part, of a Directory, or Cabinet, being the three Sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria, which are the only German Powers, together with two Princes from among the minor German States. This league of monarchs, supported rather than controlled by a Federal Council of deputies from most of the State governments—Austria and Prussia having each three votes while other States have but one—is to provide for the defence of Germany against all foreign foes, and likewise to suppress all internal disturbances. Diplomacy and military operations will belong to the Directory of five monarchs; but they must obtain the consent of two-thirds of the votes in the Federal Council before declaring war. There can be no doubt that Germany, with this organization, could more readily exert her whole strength in self-defence if she were menaced by Russia or invaded by France. The vague desire for a closer national union, which has been fermenting in German minds for many years past, arises mainly from an uneasy consciousness of the fact that Germany lies at the mercy of the two compact and powerful empires on her eastern and her western frontiers. At the same time, it is to be feared that, with a Federal constitution, in which two or three leading States might practically determine, by their agreement, the question of peace or war, Germany would be liable to be dragged into many disputes foreign to the real interests of the German people, and relating more especially to the non-German dominions of the Austrian empire. There are two members of the Confederation, Austria and Prussia, which rank among the Great Powers of Europe. These have their own ambitions, their own allies and enemies, their own policy to serve. It would scarcely tend to secure the happiness and tranquillity of the smaller German States if they were to be compelled, at the bidding of a majority of votes in the Federal Council, under Austrian dictation, to engage in a war with France and Italy upon the question of Venetia, or with Russia upon the Polish and Eastern questions. Another function of the Directory, as we perceive, is to put down all internal disturbances in Germany. Now it is probable that this interference of the Federal Power would only be called for in the case of a revolution breaking out in one of the German States, and of the failure of its Prince to subdue the revolution. We should then see the new Government of this State, a Government *de facto*, and entitled to general recognition, assailed and overthrown by the whole military force of the Confederation. The Directory of five German Sovereigns might even choose to regard the most orderly and legitimate exercise of political freedom, in any German State, as a crime against the Federal peace and order. We do not imagine that the domestic liberties of Germany would be much advanced by their practical interpretation of this rule.

If we look, also, to the list of those subjects of legislation, upon which the Chamber of Delegates is to be allowed to debate, we find that they include "matters connected with the public press, the right of association, the right of domicile, and sundry other matters of inferior importance." No resolution, however, of the Parliamentary Delegates will have the force of law, unless it be adopted by the Assembly of Princes; while, for aught we can see, the Assembly of Princes may pass laws of their own, quite independent of any proposition from the Chamber of Delegates, who will not have even a *veto* on this royal legislation. Whether or not, as a whole, the Austrian scheme of Federal Reform will commend itself to the Sovereigns now assembled at Frankfort, we are not yet able to say. But since the members of the Liberal and Constitutional party, from all the German States, hold their meeting, curiously enough, this very week, and in the same city, we may expect very soon to learn what is their opinion of the Austrian scheme. Meantime, the once constitutional kingdom of Prussia abides in her sulky isolation, and lets judgment against her go by default.

THE O'KICKHAM ON HIS NATIVE HILL.

It is in spring, says the poet, that a livelier iris shines upon the burnished dove; and what spring is to the dove, autumn appears to be to the Irish patriot. Repeal agitators, Tipperary boys, the Society for the universal extinction of gaugers and Protestant landlords, Dr. M'Hale, the O'Donoghue, and all the other great avengers of Ireland's wrongs, are chiefly lively in the autumn. Parliament is not sitting, the potato crop has exhausted its attractions, and the newspapers have got nothing to write about except the unconquerable determination of the Celt not to allow himself to be trampled upon. The advice of a veteran mother-in-law who had presided over the conduct of many matrimonial campaigns, is said to have been—always to look injured when it was desirable to look interesting. The fall of the year seems invariably to bring home to the Irish heart the keen desire to seem aggrieved. August and September are the months during which the iris shines unmistakably on the burnished Irish dove. He goes about brandishing all kinds of weapons, and swearing horrid Irish oaths about liberty and tyrants. The reason probably is, that the Irish brigade have got safely home from the House of Commons, and their disappointed constituencies naturally feel that no more tide-waiterships or places in the Post-office are likely to be given away till next spring. A little agitation serves the double purpose of venting their indignation at the Executive, and of passing away the time pleasantly till Parliament meets again. The interval is commonly spent in presenting Marshal M'Mahon with a sword, or else in offering the crown of Ireland to Mr. Mitchell, who unfortunately is always prevented from accepting it by the circumstance that, as he has been transported and has broken prison during transportation, the police will not let him return home to assume his royal rank. This year, however, is a blank as regards the usual programme of patriotic amusements; and the finest peasantry in the world have been compelled to fall back upon general denunciations of all despots and monster meetings in the Tipperary hills. So long as they do not mind the trouble of marching about the mountains, everybody in this country will be of opinion that it is a healthy exercise for them, and quite as good a preparation for the duties of the Post-office as they are likely to get at home. We wish them the finest of weather, immunity from the Irish wet days that beset the movements of all Saxon tourists when they get to Ireland, and, above all, that they may be careful, for one another's sake, in the use of their pikes. The pike is a formidable instrument in the hands of inexperienced warriors upon the march, and the best way of preventing all accidents has generally been to keep it carefully with the point in the air. By so doing, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that if they are not shedding the blood of tyrants, at least they are not shedding the blood of those champions of Celtic independence who have the misfortune to be marching immediately in their front.

The first monster meeting of the year, which was held about a week ago in Tipperary, on the heights of the mountain of Slievenamon, seems to have gone off with a tolerable amount of *éclat*, and to have given thorough satisfaction to the friends of liberty. The patriot bands were put to considerable personal inconvenience by a decision emanating from the Nationalist Committee to the effect that the assembly was to be convened close to the summit of Slievenamon, under the very highest peak of all. Whatever was the reason of so cruel an order—whether the National Committee had been bewildered by reading that the Poles invariably hold their meetings in forests, or that sort of place, and by a desire in all revolutionary matters to proceed strictly *en règle*—seems to be uncertain. The history of William Tell and Swiss revolution is doubtless in their favour; and if Irish patriots do not object to climbing, it is well that all protests against tyranny should be carried out decently and in order upon the highest and wildest looking eminence that can be found. The highest eminence on Slievenamon enjoys the historical name of "Meagher's Rock"—a name given to it, as it would seem, in remembrance of the Repeal commotions of 1848. Under its shelter 700 Irishmen assembled on Saturday week, in spite of the rain. On the topmost pinnacle of the mountain floated a flag of red, white, and green, upon which an Irish harp without the crown was depicted—an emblem of Ireland bereft of her national independence, and her hereditary kings. Nobody of renown presided on the occasion. The illustrious Meagher, who had given his name to the rock in 1848, happens now to be a colonel in New York, and could only be present in spirit at the scene. His comrade, the truant Mitchell—like Judah's daughters—is "wandering witheringly" somewhere in the Confederate States. The gallant O'Donoghue himself was absent also, and the chair was accordingly taken by

C. Kickham, Esq., of Mullinahone, who gave it as one of his reasons for so doing, that he alone of the number was at home on the mountain of Slievenamon. The great cause of the Celt did not suffer by being left in the hands of so local a hero; and the eloquent manner in which Mr. Kickham redressed the wrongs of Ireland, by prophesying the doom of the Saxon, was quite equal to the finest efforts of the O'Donoghue. The object of the meeting, according to the chairman, was nothing more or less than "to renew their vows never to cease" till the independence of Ireland was achieved. As nobody understands what Mr. Kickham and his friends imagine they are doing, it is not easy to see what they can "cease" doing; and they might probably have renewed their vows "not to cease" doing it quite as well at a lesser elevation above the level of the sea. But the opportunity of making a speech on a mountain to a crowd is one which appeals at once to every Irish heart, and justifies the most arduous pilgrimage. Mr. Kickham, however, was by no means in favour of mere moral force. He did not believe that "the cause of Irish nationality could be much served by speech making." Speeches would never bring about an American invasion, or a French descent upon the coast; far less bring England to a sense of reason:—

"If you crowded every mountain-top, and proclaimed your wrongs in language the most pathetic and passionate that ever fell from human lips—if you proved the justice of your claims by reasoning the most convincing, and hurled defiance at the Saxon in words the most vehement, for how much would your wail or your defiance count in the minds of English statesmen, rulers, or people?"

Whatever may be our opinion as to the probable effects of either on the minds of Britons at large, there can, indeed, be no doubt—judging from his inaugural address—that Mr. Kickham's wail is nothing compared to his defiance. He gave his voice in favour of action and of war. There is but one way in which freedom ever can be won, and the Poles are setting the world the bright example. Let Mr. Kickham not be told that this was dangerous,—without danger, sacrifice, and suffering the goal never could be won. He solemnly declared and believed that the dungeon and the scaffold were mercies compared with the cup of gall and wormwood which the Irish patriot was forced to drain. This is certainly an awful picture of the sufferings of Mr. Kickham and his friends, and, if a true one, we can no longer wonder at their rushing up to the top of Slievenamon to denounce their oppressors. We did not know that draining anything was the *forte* of the Irish patriot. If he does really drain gall and wormwood, it is more than he can often be brought to do with respect to his bogs; and it certainly does seem hard that the cruel English tyrants should not be satisfied with asking him to drain the latter, but should insist on his draining the former as well. As it stands, we have Mr. Kickham's assurance that he would rather have his head cut off than undergo the tortures that the Irish nation daily is compelled to endure. It is very horrible to think that in this age of civilization we should not have the faintest idea of what the excellent and oppressed Mr. Kickham alludes. Tear an' ages, Kickham dear, and is it the thumbscrew? Have the police, like General Mouravieff, been extracting the secrets of Nationalist Committees, by an unsparing use of the rack? Or does Mr. Kickham allude to the miserable and dastardly efforts of the gauger to put an end to the private distillation of the finest national drink in Europe? It is impossible for us to explain. Mr. Kickham interprets nothing, but as his remarks were loudly cheered, it would be uncomplimentary to Irish patriotism to conclude that they were altogether unintelligible. He ended his address by alluding briefly to the names of 1848:—

"To Michael Doheny—may his memory be ever green among us!—for a braver Irishman Tipperary never nursed, and a nobler heart than his never crumbled into dust. (Cheers.) To the gifted young tribune, Thomas F. Meagher; and to the descendant of the ancient Feenian chiefs, the gallant O'Mahony; and I hope that ere long the modern Feenians will assemble in their might with the tried and trusted Mahony at their head. (Loud cheers.)"

If Michael Doheny's memory at all resembles the excellent Michael himself in his lifetime, it will, in all probability, be green enough to satisfy even the prayers of Mr. Kickham. But why Thomas Meagher of the sword should be a gifted tribune, passes all understanding, unless there is more in common between a colonel of volunteers and the tribuneship than is generally supposed. Then again, in the name of all the O'Briens, who may be the Feenian chiefs? Have they anything to do with Fingal? Are they at all related to the Feejees? Or are they a cross between the two, in which case their name is to be accounted for? Whoever they may be, we thoroughly concur in the wish that they may assemble before long; and have only to add a humble hope that when they do assemble it may be in their native war paint. If anything could add to the solemnity of the spectacle, it will,

doubtless, be the sight of O'Mahony at their head, who, according to Mr. Kickham, has been both trusted and tried, and, for anything we know, may have been transported too.

Mr. Gill, of the *Tipperary Advocate*, followed suit, and solemnly that day pledged himself never to exercise the paltry privilege of giving a vote to send a member to the British Parliament. He informed the meeting that the reason the Irish police are armed is that they may shoot down the remnant of the Irish population if they came in their way. The Irish aristocracy he characterized as a set of bloodthirsty hounds, the meanest creatures in the form of bipeds on the face of creation. Mr. Gill was not content with this. He went further, and ventured upon three oratorical pieces of imagery which are, as far as we know, entirely unequalled. The first was this: that "British rule was a pillow on which Irishmen would never rest." We have heard of a bed of justice and of an iron rule, but we never heard of a rule being a pillow till Mr. Gill invented the expression. The second metaphor was, however, still more remarkable. Mr. Gill called on all Irish nationalists to show that "they were determined not to lick the rod that bound them to the dust." If such be the style of the leading writers of the *Tipperary Advocate*, happy indeed are the subscribers. The third figure, however, distances the other two, involving, as it does, a species of Irish bull. "Irishmen," he said, "are a noble race, that resolve never to lie down while the foot of a lion is on them." Now, we can imagine Irishmen, under such circumstances, resolving never to get up; or, under more favourable circumstances, determining never to lie on the ground at all; but, with submission to the *Tipperary Advocate*, we cannot but think that, if the Irish never lie down, no one can possibly be charged with trampling on them.

The last of the Celts upon this occasion was Mr. Finnerty, a young gentleman from the Riding of Tipperary. He addressed the meeting in a vehement speech, and called on Irishmen to imitate the example of Poland. He thought that much was to be done with pikes, but that something also might be done with scythes. When young Mr. Finnerty arms himself with a scythe, all we can say is that we hope he will be made to march alone, for a more awkward companion in a regiment of marching patriots can hardly be conceived. As, however, his opinion is that "no nation ever earned independence without spilling more or less blood," it is natural that he should be in favour of the most reckless military movements. He concluded with a proposal "to rally round the green flag," and the resolution, we hear, was "put by the chairman, and carried by acclamation." The meeting then dissolved, without any harm done; though during the proceedings landlord-shooting had been talked of amidst cheers, and without a single word of reproof on the part of the chief speakers. Finally, Mr. Kickham and his friends executed the military manoeuvre performed long since by the King of France, who

"With twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill and straight marched down again."

PUBLIC SCHOOL COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

THE annual examinations "for college" at Eton and Winchester have, for a large class of persons not addicted to the more popular forms of sport, all the attractions and interest of a Derby day. There are the "owners," in the shape of the proud and anxious parents; there are the "trainers," that is, the tutors (vulgarly called crammers, or suckers), whose professional prospects depend a good deal on the result of the "running;" there are the "three-year olds," who in this case are (in a better sense than the common one), the fastest boys in England; and last, but not least, there is the "prize," which is no less than an almost gratuitous education at two of the leading schools of England, with a fair prospect of similar advantages at the universities. These are advantages which, estimated solely at their money value, can hardly be reckoned at less than from £600 to £800 for each of the fortunate candidates.

It so happened that the Examination at Winchester College and the Winchester Races took place on the same day—the 21st of July—when clergymen, tutors, and the parents of the candidates were brought into unwonted collision at the hotels with the owners and breeders of racehorses, and the little candidates for the classical curriculum rubbed shoulders with the equally diminutive jockeys. The hotels were full to overflowing, and the streets were thronged with staid white-cravatted gentlemen, invariably accompanied by their little charges—being clergymen from the provinces, with the hope of the family trained at home, or private tutors with one, two, or more pupils selected to sustain the honour of the stud. The candidates themselves, now brought face to face, scanned each other

as if to measure the strength against which they were so soon to contend. It was interesting to observe the different bearing of the boys. A few, and, alas! only a few, had the happy, careless look which befits their age, but the majority looked sad or painfully anxious, and some even sullen, as if conscious of having been uselessly driven beyond their powers, and anticipating failure and reproof.

It is a singular fact, that though the prospects of Eton or Winchester Colleges were formerly more certain, i.e., less dependent on subsequent exertion than at present, it is only of late years—only, in fact, since the system of open competition has been adopted—that these scholarships have been objects of great attraction. The Eton “Tugmuttons” of old times were rather looked down upon by the “Oppidans;” and many an old K. S., whom the consciousness of merit had made careless in his own person of the vulgar contumely of the *bene nummatorum*, was more sensitive for his sons than for himself. A great change has taken place in this respect; the social as well as the intellectual aristocracy is now represented at these examinations, and, as they say at Eton, “no gentleman thinks the worse of a boy for being a collegier.”

With the modest shrinking from publicity characteristic of ancient corporations, both Eton and Winchester (more especially the former) have been very backward in advertising to the world at large the valuable prizes they so liberally offer and so impartially award. “Good Heavens!” said an Eton tutor to whom it was suggested that the time and mode of examination should be advertised in the newspapers, “don’t talk of such a thing! Why, we should have all the world here!” Information respecting the Eton examination has, therefore, to be dragged piecemeal from the authorities, and when given is apt to be of a vague and uncertain kind. Notwithstanding this dislike to the use of “a candlestick,” however, both the number and quality of candidates are continually rising from year to year. At the last examinations 72 were examined at Eton, and 124 at Winchester, of whom 22 were placed on the indentures of each college. That the number of competitors at Eton—which is certainly the favourite public school of England—should be so much the smaller, will excite surprise, but may perhaps be accounted for in various ways. In the first place, there is a general notion that the Eton boys spend more money and do less work than their fellows at Winchester; but we are inclined to attribute the disparity in the number of candidates at the two examinations to the difference in the character of the examinations themselves. The sole object of the Winchester “Posers” appears to be to test a boy’s natural ability and scholarship, irrespective of the method by which he has attained that scholarship. No particular authors are prescribed, very few passages of Greek or Latin are given for translation—and these chiefly in the *vivâ voce* examination—and questions in grammar and criticism form a leading feature of the “papers.” The Eton authorities, on the other hand, with the view probably of ensuring that a boy shall have been trained on their own system, and be exactly fitted for his place in the school, require that he should have done the work of a certain Eton form, according to his age. A boy of from twelve to thirteen, for example, must take up the work of “remove,” which is stated to be the “*Poetæ Græci*,” an Eton class-book, containing selections from Homer, Hesiod, Moschus, Bion, Meleager, and others; the first part of the “*Scriptores Græci*,” containing considerable portions of the different works of Xenophon, Herodotus, &c.; Greek Testament; three books of Horace’s “*Odes*,” three books of Virgil’s “*Æneid*,” Latin prose and verse (both elegiacs and lyrics); Euclid; Arithmetic and Algebra. Accordingly, while any clever, well-trained boy, from whatever school he may come, has a chance of success at Winchester, only those who come up in the Eton shape are likely to be invested with the Eton gown. No doubt the authorities of Eton have considered the matter well, and are content to forego great advantages for greater; but certain it is that their present system prevents many of the cleverest boys in England from presenting themselves at their examinations.

A comparison of the examination “papers,” set to boys of twelve years old, will bear out what we have said. These papers show, too, the extraordinary proficiency required of boys at the tender age of twelve. And this consideration brings before us the melancholy side of these interesting meetings. Who that has watched the performance of a dancing dog or accomplished monkey has not thought with pain of the torture necessary to force the poor animal so far away from the path which Nature and Providence marked out? And who can look at these examination papers without considering how many of the little fellows who crowd round the door of the Examination Hall, waiting for the “Poser,”—

“*Mox sequitur longâ metuendus veste Magister,*”

have been robbed for months of their natural rest and cricket, loaded with a sense of responsibility unsuited to their years, excited to unnatural and exhausting efforts by the severity of self-interested tutors, or, more frequently perhaps, by the anxious admonitions and eager longings of unwisely ambitious parents. A highly-gifted and carefully trained boy may, no doubt, succeed without drawing on the resources of future life; but woe to that parent who, from a false estimate of his child’s abilities, or from interested views, endeavours to force, *invitâ Minervâ*, a dull boy of the cart-horse breed to the pace of the high-mettled racer! The Eton and Winchester tutors will tell him what common sense might have taught him, that such a boy, even should he be tortured into success, gains nothing by it, does but pluck the apple of the desert, and will find that the brilliant fruit is filled with the ashes of exhaustion, weariness, and death. For no conceivable prize should a boy of twelve be tasked beyond his powers:—

“Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage”

from all exhausting toil.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THE Foresters have just held their annual *fête* at the Crystal Palace, but we are sorry to hear with not quite their usual success. There was this time no Blondin, either male or female, to pander to that love of sensation sights which animates the British working man quite as much as his betters, and which last year brought some 100,000 people to Norwood. The crowd had to depend for amusement very much on their own resources, and very curious some of these were. We have nothing to say against dancing, and we are ready to admit that kiss-in-the-ring may be delightful fun; but we are puzzled to discover what pleasure a respectable middle-aged man, the father of a family, can find in getting himself up in Lincoln green, in stalking about with bow and arrows, and in pretending to be Robin Hood, Little John, or some other of that fabulous band of worthies who are supposed to have hunted the deer in Sherwood Forest. It is difficult to believe that the people who were thus disguised the other day at the Crystal Palace could have thought that their stage costume became them. They certainly looked unhappy enough in it; and we believe that in fact they were rather performing a solemn duty than seeking pleasure. They were maintaining the dignity of the “Order,” which, like many other of the great Friendly associations, lays claim to a long and illustrious pedigree, and supports its pretensions by some most singular historical allegations. The Foresters do not indeed go back quite so far as the Odd Fellows, who are said to have been “established by the Roman soldiers in camp, after the order of the Israelites, during the reign of Nero the Roman emperor, in the year of grace 55”; but as they number amongst their former members Alfred the Great, William Rufus, and James I., it is clear that if we take their own account, they can boast a more than respectable antiquity. The sober truth appears to be that the “Order” was founded in 1745, and that the fictitious history was invented in order to satisfy that love of the romantic and marvellous which lies so deep in the heart of the (so-called) prosaic Englishman. Probably few or none of the members now seriously believe in these stories, but, on the other hand, they would most likely feel that the society had somehow lost caste amongst its fellows if its modern origin were distinctly avowed, and if, without trappings, costumes, paraphernalia, and banners, it stood before the world in its ordinary every-day clothes as neither more nor less than a vast mutual assurance company. Within moderate limits, and so long as the funds of the society are not drawn upon for the purpose, very little can be said against the association of conviviality and pageantry with these bodies. After all, the working man only imitates those above him in hankering after a little show; and we do not see why the members of one of these benefit societies should not have their annual *fête* in the same way as associations amongst the middle and upper class meet at an annual dinner. These stimulants to subscription are evidently thought necessary by those who are best acquainted with the subject, and we must not lightly disregard their opinion. If we laugh at the fancy dresses of the Foresters and their absurd notions of a mediæval ancestry, it is only fair to recollect the practical shrewdness which must have been exhibited by its managers in order to raise the society to its present position. The largest society of the kind but one—the Odd Fellows—they have just set on foot by far the boldest project ever formed by a similar organisation. They propose to found an asylum into which

every member shall have the right to claim admission at the age of sixty, receiving, in addition to his lodging, fire and light, and an annuity of six shillings a week for the rest of his life. Members permanently disabled for employment are to be admitted at once, whatever may be their age. It is not for us to pronounce any opinion upon the practicability of carrying out this scheme. That is a matter for accountants and actuaries to settle. But there can be no doubt that it is one which heartily deserves our best wishes, since its success would at once relieve a large section of the working classes from all danger and all fear of coming to the work-house in their old age.

We have said that we do not wish entirely to deprive these societies of such attractions as they may derive from an annual *fête* and a few flags; but then it must be understood that both are paid for by subscriptions specially raised for the purpose, and that their cost does not in any way come out of the funds of the society. We do not now specially allude to Foresters; but, speaking of friendly societies generally, it is unfortunately notorious that there is the most extensive misapplication of their funds to purposes of pageantry and conviviality. In one of Mr. Tidd Pratt's recent reports, he mentions a case in which, during the course of three years, 258 gallons of beer were charged against the funds of one body only numbering some 120 members. And in an official document now lying before us, we find the same officer stating that in the case of one society the following items were charged:—Liquor at monthly meeting, £9; band at the anniversary, £6; dinners to persons carrying banners, 6s. 9d.; donation to Lancashire Relief Fund, £5.; grant for procession and dinner on the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Charges for feasting and processions at anniversaries; the purchase or hire of banners, ribbons, aprons, &c.; personal donations of various kinds for bell-ringing, &c., also occur in the accounts of some friendly societies. These are only specimens of practices which prevail to so serious an extent that they have lately caused Mr. Pratt to take the opinion of the Attorney-General as to his power of preventing them by legal proceedings. It appears from the case submitted to Sir Wm. Atherton, that under the 24th section of the 18 & 19 Vict., c. 63, any officer or member of a friendly society wilfully applying any part of its funds to purposes other than those expressed in the rules of the society, may be summoned before two justices of the peace, and may by them be ordered to repay the money applied improperly, and also, if they think fit, to pay a further sum of money not exceeding £20, together with costs; or in default of payment, the justices may commit the offender to the House of Correction for three months. Under the section to which we have referred proceedings can only be taken by some one "on behalf of the society;" so that practically this Act fails to provide any redress for misappropriations which are sanctioned by the majority of a society. By the 23 and 24 Vict., c. 58, s. 9, however, any proceedings which could previously be taken by a person "on behalf of a society" may in future be taken by the Registrar of Friendly Societies. Armed with the opinion of the Attorney-General—that expenditure of the kind we have referred to is utterly illegal under the Friendly Societies' Acts, and that it is not even covered by the rules, which, in the case of societies established before the 18 and 19 Vict., sanction contributions for *incidental expenses*—Mr. Tidd Pratt has just given public notice that he intends in future to use the power thus conferred upon him, and that he will proceed against any member or officer of a friendly society who shall be guilty of misappropriating its funds.

We need scarcely say that this step has our entire approval. It will probably be so far effectual as to prevent money being taken from the funds of the society, or levied compulsorily upon the members, for the purposes we have indicated. But it leaves untouched the monster evil under which a large proportion of friendly societies suffer—that of holding their meetings at public-houses. So long as this is the case, although the funds of the society may not in future suffer directly, the individual members who attend its meetings are sure to be led into more drinking than is good for them. They will still continue to be seduced into improvidence by participation in the conduct of provident associations. But that is not all. This mixture of business and conviviality is utterly opposed to good and prudent management. Middle and upper classes associations may have their annual dinners, just as Foresters and Odd Fellows have their annual *fête*, but they do not convert committee meetings into an occasion for boozing, or settle their business over beer and pipes. In some friendly societies whose meetings are held at public-houses, no drinking is, indeed, allowed during business-hours; but even then a considerable sum is often spent afterwards, especially by the younger men. The meeting at

public-houses has also, according to Mr. Pratt, "the effect of preventing the establishment of friendly societies upon sound principles, as in most populous villages every public-house has one or more clubs, consisting of sixty, seventy, or perhaps one hundred members each; and as this number is not sufficient to secure the permanency of a society, however correct the rules and tables may be, it follows, as a matter of course, that in a few years they are dissolved or broken up." In point of fact, while this practice lasts, publicans will persist in regarding friendly societies simply as advantageous additions to their business, and will accordingly get them up rather with a view to their own profit than to that of the subscribers. In the annual report of the same gentleman for 1862, he mentions that in Hertfordshire, since 1793, the number of societies enrolled and certified was 136; of this number 123 were held at public-houses, and 13 at schools or private rooms. Of those held at public-houses, no fewer than 42 had broken up, but of those held at schools or private houses only one had been dissolved. But it is really needless to accumulate facts in proof of a proposition which will not be disputed by any one who has the slightest knowledge of the working of these associations. The only question really open is as to the best mode of remedying an acknowledged evil. Until recently it was not easy to suggest a practical solution of the problem. It was all very well to advise the working men not to hold their meetings at public-houses, but it was of little use doing so unless you had some tolerable substitute to offer them. They might, no doubt, have gone to a schoolroom, or taken an apartment in some public institution; but one can scarcely wonder that men who had been labouring hard all day found such resorts rather cheerless when compared with the comfortable and well lighted public-house. Practically it has been found that they could not endure the dreariness of these places of meeting. If, however, the plans of the "Working Men's Club and Institute Union" are carried out extensively, this difficulty will no longer exist. It is one of their leading objects that, in the clubs or institutes which may be founded in connection with them, cheerful and comfortable accommodation shall, as soon as possible, be provided for the meetings of friendly societies. When that is done, we cannot but think that working men will welcome emancipation from the thralldom of a landlord who insists that they shall waste their money and ruin their health "for the good of the house." We are certain that it would be difficult to over-estimate the benefits of inducing them to transact their business and manage their societies in some atmosphere more favourable than that of a public-house, to clearness of thought and prudence of conduct.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF NANA SAHIB.

SOME four years ago we hanged Tantia Topee, and now it appears that in spite of that operation the celebrated chief is still in India at the head of forty thousand followers ready, when opportunity serves, to give us trouble. In other words, we hanged the wrong man; and those British officers who cut off portions of his beard before the body was cut down, will be disappointed to learn that their relics are of no value. This discovery naturally makes us wary lest we commit a similar mistake in the case of Nana Sahib. A little more than a year ago we were almost certain that we had caught him. That hope fell through, but not before strong marks of similarity between our captive and the miscreant were insisted upon as establishing their identity. Have we now got him at last? Gya Persand, the Brahmin jackal who has led the British lion to his prey, is confident that we have. The man who is now strongly guarded in the fort of Ajmeer has lost his front teeth, and his hair is white, and his face adorned with hirsute appendages,—in all these respects differing from the Nana of 1857. But Gya Persand deposes that he saw him constantly at Bithoor and cannot forget him. The face is thinner, the cheeks not so fat, nor the stomach so large; "but there is no mistaking his face, his eyes, his forehead, and his powerful voice." Sergeant-Major Charles Wilkins, A. Battalion, 4th Brigade, R.A., is convinced that the man captured is the Nana whom he saw and spoke to frequently at Meerut, much changed in appearance, but the form and style of his features identical. The prisoner started when Wilkins, in his presence, mentioned to Inspector Bowyer the circumstance of Captain Chamberlain, of the 14th Dragoons, having been in the habit of riding the Nana's horses at Meerut; and he started again and "looked hard at him" when he related an anecdote of the Nana's having taken an Englishwoman who belonged to the 14th Dragoons into his keeping. Dr. Murray, Civil Surgeon at Ajmeer, has examined the prisoner, and certifies that there is a fine cicatrix "in the anterior portion of the first phalanx of the second toe of the right foot;" another on the lower part of the lobe of the right

car; and that he answers in nearly every particular to the published description of the Nana. Some of these grounds of identification are slight, but they are not unsupported by more remarkable evidence, which, intricate as it is in the statements of the witnesses who supply it, we shall endeavour to make clear to our readers.

In the early part of the present year Gya Persand, a native of Cawnpore, who had frequently done business with the Nana, came to Mr. Forjett, the superintendent of the Bombay police, and informed him that there was then in a temple at Poonah a man in the disguise of an ascetic, who had formerly been the Nana's pundit at Bithoor, and from whom Gya Persand obtained, in confidence, information that the Nana was then living in a temple at Jypoor, where he had been about six months, having come there from Nepaul. As Gya Persand had already given proof of his fidelity and intelligence in capturing Kishen Rao, Mr. Forjett, upon consultation with the secretary of the Bombay Government, gave him secret letters to Colonel Brook, political agent at Jypoor, and to other local authorities, to assist him in his mission, which was to entrap the Nana. For this purpose they associated with him Dwarka Tewarry, jemadar of the 8th Native Infantry, and three of Mr. Forjett's detectives. The party thus authorized set out from Bombay, and reached Burhampoor, where Gya Persand fell in with three of the Nana's Brahmins, to whom he declared that he had authority from the Arabs and others in Hyderabad to treat with the Nana for a rising in that direction. Having overruled their scruples by a promise of 600 rupees if he met the Nana, one of them took him to Indore, to the brother of the Jaora Narsab, whence, after fulfilling his promise touching the rupees, he and the jemadar were escorted by some Mussulmans to Jaora, and were then confided to two other men, who started with them towards Saloomba. Halting within three miles of the town, one of the men went on to it, and on his return told them that they would see the Nana pass. Accordingly, shortly afterwards, about 100 sowars and 150 foot came from the town, but Gya Persand and the jemadar, fearing to present themselves at that moment, followed the cavalcade at a distance to Chittore, whence it returned to Saloomba, leaving three men, one of whom the spy's escort informed him was the Nana, with their horses. Gya Persand and his brother spy followed the trio to Sanganaree, and overtaking them there, asked in what direction they were going. At first, they replied that they were going to Dwarka, but, on the spies saying that they also were going to that place and would accompany them, the man who was pointed out as the Nana said that they were going to Pokar. The spies now declared that they were willing to go that way, even though the Nana stipulated that they should leave the road and go through the jungles. To test them further, he searched them; and, on his becoming more friendly, Gya Persand told him that he had known him at Bithoor, had lost his all on his account, and was now wandering about endeavouring to restore him, and had arranged to raise 4,000 men if he would return to Poonah. The Nana, however, replied that he could not do this, as he was going to meet Tania Topee, at Bikaner, whose rajah had promised him assistance. All Rajpootana, he said, was on his side, and at the Dusserah (a Hindoo festival which falls this year on the 21st of October) he would again be at the head of a force. Moreover, he said that he had been well taken care of by the ruler of Cashmere, whence he had come down *via* Scinde and Kutch, where the Rao had given him 50,000 rupees; but as he wanted men, and not money, he had left Kutch after staying there fifteen days, and went to the territory of the Ram Rajah, where his wife and children, with whom he had left eighty lacs of rupees for their support, were residing. He stated also, and this is an important link in the evidence of identity, that he had lost his front teeth from drinking waters in the jungle. Our readers will see how far this and other facts are confirmed by a perfectly independent witness. Thus far we have given the story as we find it in the statement of Gya Persand.

We now come to the narrative of a blind Brahmin, whom the man said to be the Nana has for three years associated with himself, the better to support the disguise of fakeers, in which he and his companion, Naroo Punt Balla Punt, have been travelling. The blind Brahmin states that three years ago the Nana and Naroo put up in the same mundah (Hindoo temple) where he was staying at Dwarka, and asked him if he would accompany them. He consented, and on the second day of their acquaintance, as he states, the Nana confided to him who he was. For many months they went about from place to place begging; during which period the Nana spoke frequently of the battles during the Mutiny of 1857, saying that though he had lost them he would have another chance before long. It would be tedious to follow

their wanderings, and unnecessary. It will suffice if we note those passages in the evidence of this witness which confirm the statements of Gya Persand. These are many and striking. There is the fact that they went to Cashmere with the view of getting aid, and that the Nana told his blind friend it was arranged that aid should be forthcoming. Again, the promise of assistance from the Rajah of Bikaner is confirmed by this witness, as well as the Nana's statement that he and Naroo had lost their teeth from drinking snow-water in Cashmere. The witness also says that Tania Topee is still alive; that the Dusserah was talked of as the time for the insurrection; that the Nana's wife and children are with the Ram Rajah, with eighty lacs of rupees for their support; that the Nana left Saloomba in order to go to Pokar, and was escorted to Chittore; that they had come down from Cashmere *via* Scinde and Kutch. This confirmation of the spy's evidence is remarkable, and, taken together with the resemblance of the prisoner to the Nana, leaves, we trust, no doubt that the butcher of Cawnpore is at last, after our long hunt for him, in our grasp.

It is certainly indicative of no great loyalty in the Indian population that such a miscreant should so long have managed to wander about the provinces under our rule or protection without detection. For six years we have been looking after him with a keen appetite for the chase; and now that we have got him, his capture reveals symptoms of disaffection which we may yet have to crush by the exertion of all our strength. If we may believe the witnesses whose statements we have followed, 5,000 of the old Bengal Sepoys are at Saloomba, where the Thakoor entertained the Nana with great splendour, well knowing who he was. Guns and ammunition are collected there ready for insurrection. Tania Topee's force, to the number of 40,000 men, are scattered about in the service of one or other of the independent States, waiting for the first opportunity to rise. We will not dwell upon these and other signs of lurking enmity. But it is as well that they should be taken into account whenever we feel inclined to congratulate ourselves too confidently on the consolidation of our Indian Empire.

PATENT LAW AMENDMENT.

WE last week pointed out, *apropos* of Mr. Steevens' plough, some of the anomalies and inconveniences arising out of our existing system of patent law and practice. We showed that a very simple change, combined with the institution of a competent tribunal in lieu of, and at no greater expense than, the present reference to a couple of unscientific lawyers, would remove the evil of which Mr. Steevens, and the public concerned in his invention, have justly to complain. We now return to the question with a view to illustrate in some further respects the objections to the present law, and to vindicate the general principles on which amendment ought to be founded.

We can by no means agree with the doctrine, of which the "leading" journal has lately admitted some expositions, as a feeler of public opinion, that inventors ought to have no special protection, but be left to make their profit out of their private and personal use of the improvement. Such a system would, indeed, not extinguish invention, for an inventor is as "irrepressible" as the American nigger and his wrongs. But it would in a very great degree deprive the public of benefit from invention. Each man, who could, would retain his secret. He would necessarily, however, in so doing, conduct its application in manufacture under restrictions which would render the products more costly and less perfect than if he were not so hampered. He would be under the conditions of a smuggled trade; and economists know that these conditions are so costly that it is only the retention of a very heavy excise duty that renders the smuggler's calling at all worth his while. Suppose, then, that the invention were for some improvement in manufacture, giving a better article. As the inventor would be unable to grant licences, he would be the sole person who could use the invention; he would have to get his profit on merely the small amount of his own production, and consequently the public would have to continue to use the inferior article generally made, or to pay very dear for the better article so strictly monopolized and manufactured under such difficulties. On the other hand, there are many—perhaps the majority—of inventions which cannot be kept secret. Such are all improvements in machinery not used in the actual trade of the inventor. So soon as the first machine is made the principle is seen, and it may be copied by any one. The consequence of denying to the first inventor in such a case a fair right of property in his invention, would frequently be to confine it absolutely to his own breast, and

to prevent him from developing an idea perhaps needing costly experiments, from which he could reap only vexation and loss. It must be remembered, too, that many important discoveries are made by persons not actually engaged in the branch of trade to which they relate. Such persons could very seldom sell their invention, for it would be difficult for them to find a manufacturer willing to give anything for what he could not be sure of exclusively possessing. And the inventor himself, having neither skill nor capital to reduce his ideas, however valuable, to practice, would either be looked on as a crackbrained enthusiast, or would withhold altogether his project from an unsympathizing practical public. In all these cases the public would be the loser. Progress would be delayed, improvement checked, and the spread of civilization itself retarded. But it is only just to remember that the public is not solely to be considered—that great inventors are great benefactors—that every invention is the product of thought just as much as a book, and that it would be utterly unfair to recognise the right of property in new ideas, published by means of printing, and to refuse to recognise the same right in ideas published in iron, wood, or other materials.

On the other hand, the right of inventors must obviously have limits. Useful invention depends so much upon the consentaneous progress of every branch of science, that what forms a great step in advance at the period becomes in a limited number of years the self-evident result of general knowledge. So, to allow one man to lock up from general use a particular process because he was the first to think of it, would be to give him an advantage beyond what the strictest private reservation would yield him, and would therefore be unjust to the rest of the thinking community. The present term of fourteen years is, perhaps, a fair enough period to allow for the reward of research, without too much rewarding mere accidental priority. But there are circumstances in which even this period is too long. Take, for example, such a case as Hall's patent for surface condensers, by which the steam of a marine engine, after doing its work, is condensed, not by the injection of sea-water, but by being passed through pipes surrounded with sea-water, so that it is condensed as fresh water, and may be used over and over again in the boilers, obviating the waste and injury occasioned by the use of salt water. Here is a scientific application of no great profundity, yet of obvious value, and, as such, properly patented. But Mr. Hall chose to refuse licences for the manufacture of his condensers, and those of his own construction were defective in practical application. And thus for fourteen years an important improvement was kept out of use, which, now that the patent has expired, is being very generally adopted. And yet, again, there must be some delicacy in interfering with a right even thus objectionably exercised; for if actual adoption were made the sole test of merit, it is easy to see that a combination of manufacturers might sometimes be formed to prohibit the employment of a valuable patent, with the express design of having it declared useless, and so thrown open to their gratuitous adoption.

Such are some of the difficulties that have to be provided against in carrying into practice the true principles of a patent law. But they are, after all, not so formidable as they appear at present, for it will be seen that most of them would yield before the institution of a Patent Court, such as that which we last week suggested. This court ought to have for its chief the most eminent natural philosopher we can find—a Davy or a Faraday—rather than any man who has devoted himself to the practical application of any one branch of science. He should be assisted by a mechanical engineer, a practical chemist, and a barrister well versed in patent law. Government ought to have power to appoint supplementary members, so that the court should always be full. The present fees paid on patents, on their several stages—amounting every year to many thousands of pounds—supply a superabundant fund for the payment of the most distinguished men of science and practice. The duties of such a court would be as follows:—

In the first instance, on the application for provisional protection, lasting, as at present, if granted, for a year, a report would be made to the court by its registrar on the question whether the proposal adopted, in whole or in part, any idea either already public property or the subject of a still existing patent. If in the opinion of the court (after hearing the applicant) the whole of the application was thus vitiated, they would reject it, giving their reasons. If it was only in part subject to the objection, it would be granted under such limitation. But the granting it would not be conclusive against an opponent, for it would at this stage be almost necessarily *ex parte*. The court would, however, have power to correct any application in point of form; and though it would perhaps be giving it too much authority if it were entitled to reject an application on account of obvious inutility or breach of scientific

laws, yet it ought to have power to note any objections on these heads, so as to diminish as much as possible the loss arising from patents of a *rubbishy* character. Supposing provisional protection granted, it ought to be capable of being extended, as matter of course, over a second year, on payment of a fee of, say, £20.

But by the end of the second year the functions of the court ought again to come into play. That space of time is sufficient, in general, to enable any valuable invention to establish itself in favour, unless opposed by some fortuitous difficulties or unfair combinations. Therefore, before any protection is extended beyond the second year, it should be imperative on the applicant to come again before the court, and to give proof of the adoption in practice of his idea, or to show the accidents by which, independently of its merits, it has been kept out of use. Failing in this, the idea should be declared public property. It will be seen that this would meet such a case as Mr. Hall's, for it would prevent a crotchet from debarring the public from a useful idea for more than two instead of, as at present, for fourteen years. At the same time it would meet the case of any attempt unfairly to depreciate and take advantage, without remuneration, of a really valuable idea. Of course in such an application it should be competent to hear any parties interested in the question. And a like process should be repeated in five years more, in order to sweep out of the way patents not practically in use, but interfering with the evolution of more advanced ideas.

Last, though not least, in the advantages of the new court would be that it would form a court of reference for every dispute respecting the validity or infringement of a patent—matters which are now tried before the ordinary tribunals, whose ignorance is confessed, whose decisions are most unsatisfactory, and where the question is consequently discussed at the most incredible and ruinous cost. To substitute a standing court of competent men for a most incompetent jury, directed by a confessedly ignorant judge, is in itself a measure of pressing need.

All these are functions which are at present performed in principle, either by the law officers in every case, or by the Privy Council in applications for the extension of patents beyond fourteen years, or by the civil courts in cases of dispute. The institution of a special court would merely have the effect of performing the first efficiently instead of inefficiently; of performing the second in all cases at the end of two and seven years, instead of, in some cases, at the end of fourteen years; and of performing the last well and cheaply, instead of badly and at great cost. The advantage of the change would be almost infinite, both to inventors and to the public. And we prefer, therefore, to let the suggestion stand at present in this simple form, without the addition of any wholly new principles. These—such as fixing the prices at which licences should be granted, or the terms on which an improver on a patented article should be allowed to engraft his improvement on the original—might very possibly be safely intrusted to the new court after its mode of working had given confidence. But the foundation of all is the establishment of a competent tribunal, without any novelty in the *theory* of its working.

MASS WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Nothing is really more desirable, in an age like ours, in which diversities of religious opinion are so rapidly multiplying, than that as large a latitude as possible should be allowed, within the Church of England, in matters not essentially opposed to vital religion. And it may, therefore, be fortunate that there is room in her Communion both for High-Church and Low-Church, as well as all intermediate states and varieties of worship. One person is born with a susceptibility of impression by a ceremonial religion; the hungerings and thirstings of another are after the purely spiritual. Sound sense dictates to prudent Churchmen that, as far as possible, the tastes of each should be gratified, and both thus be knit together by the one best and most perfect of bonds, Christian charity. But, however desirable such a state of things may be, there is a limit to toleration—there are bounds which may not be passed. The wholesale importation of Romish dogmas and practices, opposed to both the letter and spirit of the Church's articles, as it cannot be honest, so neither can it for a moment be permitted. The Protestantism of England may for a season bear and forbear in many things, but its indignation cannot, in the end, escape being aroused by priestly Confession and Absolution, Prayers for and to the dead, Transubstantiation and the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and Elevation and Adoration of the Host, being either covertly or openly introduced and taught in edifices bearing the name and the authority of the Church of England.

But a doubt may be raised whether such attempts have really

been made. It may be said that the reports are exaggerated, and that our fears have taken alarm, and magnified the extent of the evil. We certainly, in charity, were once inclined to think so; but facts are stubborn things, and will insist on a hearing. We have known those who have attended Puseyite churches, and have described how deeply impressed they were with the solemnity of the services, and how the mediæval architecture of the buildings helped to withdraw their thoughts from the world without to prayer. As they have sat waiting for the commencement of service, the softly sweet sounds of distant music have stolen over their senses; the varied tollings of the bells, the silent gathering of the congregations, the procession of *quasi* nuns, of choristers, of deacons, and of priests, have impressed them with preparatory awe. The service has commenced; the singing has been excellent, the responses unanimous, the prayers earnest, the sermon unobjectionable; and they have gone away saying to themselves, "Surely this is something like a true worship of God." There were certainly things they could have wished dispensed with, too many self-crossings, and genuflexions in the direction of the altar; and the huge golden cross, like Nebuchadnezzar's image, appeared to be made a little too much of. But they were willing to bear with such things in charity for the sake of a weaker brother. Little, however, so they have told us, did they dream of the volcano under their feet, or of the nature of the system of doctrines which underlies all this showy tinsel. In order to do so it was necessary that they should have remained a little longer for the Communion-service, and, above all things, put themselves in possession of one of the little handbooks, or manuals, which are prepared purposely, with a view to initiating young Christians into the mysteries of that solemn sacrament.

To one of these manuals it is our wish on the present occasion to direct the attention of our readers. It is a curious little production of its kind, not much larger than a penny tract, sold at a charge of fourpence, but well worth that money to any person curious as to the extraordinary nature of its contents. It is entitled "A Manual of Devotions and Directions for Members of the Church of England when attending the Service of the Divine Liturgy without Communicating."* We know not what are the circumstances of its birth, whether it be only a private speculation, or be given to the world sanctioned by the authority of a portion of the clergy of our Church. But we suspect that it has been some time in use, and is well known among worshippers of a certain class. We recall to memory, also, that, according to the newspaper accounts of the late Whitsuntide doings at Claydon, it was sold by Brother Ignatius to the people attending church there; and this affords an additional presumption that its use is tolerably general. It professes to be a collection of prayers to be used by *non-communicants* during the administration of the Lord's Supper; and, as such, it forms a kind of running commentary on that service. The purport seems plainly to be, that, while the priest, who is bound to use no words but those of the Prayer-book, is officiating in the usual form, the congregation may have greater latitude, and out of this manual, according to their tastes, supplement the deficiencies of the Church's prayers. It must also be noted that, as the title-page declares, it is "intended especially for the *young*." And, indeed, it would not be easy to devise a more artful plan for transforming young Church people into Roman Catholics. The snare, it is true, is laid for game of all ages, but the tender and impressible minds of youth are evidently the most acceptable. In our English churches generally the practice is that non-communicants should retire; but in Puseydom it is otherwise. There, it is thought desirable that an approximation should be made to the Mass services of the Church of Rome; the Communion is the service *par excellence*—"the Mass"—"the Holy Oblation"—"the Divine Liturgy"—"the Christian Service"—and every one, both young and old, is invited to be present, in order that they may receive some spiritual benefit from the contemplation and adoration of "the Great Sacrifice," from which, however, our Manual takes care to exclude, in the same category with Jews, Turks, and Infidels, "all schismatics, including *Protestant Dissenters* of all denominations"!!

But now for the doctrinal teaching of this guide to juvenile prayer. At the opening of the service, as the altar-candles are being lighted, the youthful non-communicant is directed to address a prayer to Him of whom these lights are the type and symbol—Jesus, the Lamp of his paths, and the very Sun of Righteousness—supplicating Him, "From these lights upon thy altar, shining amidst the light of our earthly day, let me learn to know and feel that the light which lights our earthly ways can never light the

soul, but only Thou, LORD JESUS, whom these sacred lights do typify," &c.

To the uninitiated in the mysteries of altar-candles, these words will convey information which they probably did not possess before. But this, after all, is a trifle. The next is a step something more in advance,—the introduction of the un-Protestant practice of praying for the dead. In "the prayer for the whole state of *Christ's Church militant*," when the priest comes to the words, "We also bless thy holy name for all persons departed this life," &c., the priest makes a pause, during the interval of which the Manual directs the young worshipper to say, "Grant them thine eternal rest, O Lord, especially those departed this life, for whom my prayers are desired."

Auricular confession, penance, and priestly absolution, are next forced on our attention. As the long exhortation in the Prayer-book is addressed only to communicants, occupation must be found, while it is being read, for the remainder of the congregation; and therefore for them a form of *meditation* is prepared, in which we meet the following penitential words:—"Oh, I will indeed judge myself. I will bring myself to the bar of penance by Holy Confession; then shall I not be judged by the Lord. So shall I learn to repent truly for my sins past."

The efficacy of this confession and penance is afterwards finally sealed when the priest pronounces the absolution, in order duly to receive the benefit of which, our little guide directs the people as follows:—"Bow down your heads to receive the absolution of your sins from JESUS, through His priest."

But now comes the crowning ceremony—the sacrifice about to be offered, "round which," our manual tells us, "the angels are crowding in amazement and adoration; God the Son is soon to be tabernacled in the elements of bread and wine" (page 21). Everywhere throughout this collection of prayers there are similar allusions to this sacrifice—the real body, real blood, and real presence. There is a special prayer addressed to "Jesus lying on the altar;" there is then a reply entitled "the voice of Jesus from the altar," and finally another, called "the answer of the soul to Jesus, speaking from the altar." Also, as the prayer of consecration is about to commence, the congregation is directed to—

"Now, kneel upright, with your hands clasped upon your breasts; follow the priest in silent awe; for Jesus, thy God, is very nigh thee. He is about to descend on the altar, surrounded by the fire of the Holy Ghost, and attended by His angels."

The following are additional instances of a similar character:—

"And now, O Jesus, Thou art really coming to visit us. Thou art really coming to Thy altar. Thou art really going to be offered up in sacrifice to the Father. . . ."

"Now, O my soul, see how the heavens are opening; how the angels of God are descending upon our altar and surrounding it. See how they are bending and prostrating themselves before it; for they know that Jesus is about to come upon our altar and make it His throne. . . ."

"Eternal Father, we offer unto Thee this Almighty, Immaculate, and Adorable sacrifice. . . . Behold the Almighty victim lying there."

As to the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass, these instances will be sufficient to convince even the most sceptical person, of the tendency of this book. But the climax is not yet reached. Prostrations before this sacrifice, and adoration of it, as of the Divine Being Himself, are the duties inculcated on the youthful Protestantism of England. When the priest, in the prayer of consecration, comes to the words, "This is my Body," and as he repeats them, he elevates the bread; Jesus is supposed then immediately to take possession of it, or it is supposed to be transubstantiated into His flesh; and consequently the manual commands the non-communicants, "*Prostrate yourselves in the dust and say, Hail, Body of my God! Hail, Body of my Redeemer, I adore, I adore, I adore Thee.*" And, in a like manner, at the consecration and elevation of the wine, it directs them, with similar prostrations, to say, "Blood of Jesus, I worship Thee! Blood of my Redeemer, I adore Thee!" &c.

One matter more of interest remains—the ceremony of the Ablutions or Cleansings of the Chalice, which is performed with a scrupulosity requiring the assistance of no less than two persons—the deacon and subdeacon—the one to bring forth wine for the purpose, and the other water. The crumbs from the paten are first put into the wine in the chalice, and the contents are then drained or drunk by the priest, the non-communicant the while addressing a prayer to "the Sacrifice of Love and Mercy" for "absolution of his sins." The second ablution then follows, which is by a mixture of water and wine typifying "the wine of the gospel mixed with the water of earthly affliction." Lastly, the chalice is cleansed with pure water alone, symbolic of "the washing of the waters of baptism." The ceremony thus concluded, the veils and maniples

* Published by Cleave. London: 10, Vere-street.

are folded, and the worshipper finally exclaims:—"All is over. The sacrifice of the Lamb is complete. We are redeemed to God, through His blood. Alleluia, &c."

Such is an outline of the substance of this startling little book; and such the system which underlies, in greater or less degree, all the ceremonial pomp, genuflections, crossings, and prostrations, of the churches of Puseydom. We do not mean to say that the practice is carried to the full extent in all. It may be checked or moderated according to local circumstances; but the spirit is the same and the pervading doctrines the same—doctrines which only require convenient opportunity to expand themselves into full-blown Romanism. How any clergyman of the Church of England can reconcile his encouragement of the circulation of this manual of prayer, as has been done at Claydon, among the people of his parish, with subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, we cannot possibly conceive; for it is palpably opposed to at least three of them,—the twenty-fifth, the twenty-eighth, and the thirty-first. The last especially declares that the sacrifices of masses in which the priests are said to offer Christ are dangerous deceptions and blasphemous fables; but here are Church of England clergymen professing to offer Christ daily on the altars of their churches, lifting up, worshipping, and adoring a piece of bread as the body of their Saviour. Can no remedy be found for such an anomalous state of things?

The Bishop of Norwich has, we are told, prohibited Brother Ignatius and his fraternity from officiating any more in that diocese; and so far the pranks of these meddling Benedictines may in part be shorn of their mischief. But what can this avail so long as the responsible offenders, incumbents and curates, who have recourse to such assistants, escape with impunity? Surely the Church has a right to expect from the Episcopal Bench, and from Convocation, immediate measures of repression; otherwise what is the value of the Act of Uniformity, what of clerical subscription? If they are to be put in force against Broad Church and Low Church delinquents, consistency at least demands that Romanizing offenders should equally be called to account. If the law be, indeed, not able to reach them, then it is a case calling loudly for immediate reform.

HOUSE OF COMMONS COMMITTEE ON THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Commons is by no means a very impartial or a very industrious tribunal; but its conclusions are generally satisfactory, because they are in the nature of a compromise. The way in which the Committee is constituted seldom varies. Some honourable member thirsting for distinction, and desirous of adding his name to the roll of British legislators, determines—let us say—to take up the subject of chimney-sweeps. He moves for a Committee, of which he himself is to be chairman; and on such a subject nobody is likely to move in vain. Five members are put upon the list who are in the habit of supporting the Government policy about sweeps. Five more are added by the Opposition who have consistently maintained that the policy in question has been the ruin of the country, and of the country's chimneys. Lastly, five independent members are carefully chosen to complete the number, who are each known to have a special crotchet on the subject. The honourable member for Smokebury comes first, who is in favour of machinery and steam sweeps. Then we have the member for Cokebury, who has spent all his life in advocating the substitution, by Act of Parliament, of stoves and flues in lieu of chimneys and coals. Next there are the two representatives of Pokebury and Stokebury. The former is an enthusiastic admirer of the plan of sweeping chimneys from the top instead of the bottom, and has presented petitions from Pokebury upon the subject. The latter has himself patented an ingenious soot rake. Last of all comes the noble lord who sits for Chokebury. He is a Conservative of the old school, disbelieves in sweeping altogether; but is of opinion that, if chimneys are swept at all, we had better go back to the plan of sweeping them by chimney-sweepers under twelve years of age. A committee so constituted—and all committees are very much alike—is not likely to come to any decision, except one which is a sort of golden mean between extremes. Their report will avoid controversies, for their experience of one another leads them to drop all crotchets as if they were so many hot potatoes. The report is not, however, on that account unsatisfactory, for it embodies a number of concessions which all parties, for the sake of peace, have agreed to make; and which may henceforward be taken as data for all future discussion.

The House of Commons Committee, which was appointed last session to inquire into the expenditure incurred since 1858 on

various branches of improved ordnance, has just terminated its labours. In reality, the Committee has been sitting upon the Armstrong gun, chiefly with the object of ascertaining the positive results at which the country has arrived and the advantages obtained in return for money paid. Its report will be read with considerable satisfaction and interest—an interest not at all lessened by the fact that it does not pretend to have entered into any scientific investigations of the merits of different systems of rifling. One advantage of the inquiry will be to put an end to the absurd reports which have been industriously circulated, about the failures of the Armstrong guns, by those who were interested in their failure. The Committee report that of 570 12-pounder field-guns issued and in use since 1858, thirteen only have been returned to the Royal gun factories for repair, three of which have proved unserviceable, and the remainder repairable at an inconsiderable expense. As to the principle of the coil system, they quote the evidence of Sir W. Armstrong himself, who has begun with 3-pounders of 5 cwt., and has ascended, step by step, to 600-pounders of 22 tons. He says that, out of "nearly 3,000 guns, no one gun has burst explosively, and, in fact, no one gun has failed under the most trying tests, except by a gradual process." At the time this system was adopted it was, in the opinion of the Committee, the only system capable of fulfilling the requisite conditions; and they state that "they have no practical evidence before them that, even at this moment, any other method of constructing rifled ordnance exists which can be compared to that of Sir W. Armstrong."

After thus vindicating the preference given in 1858 by the Ordnance Select Committee to the Armstrong system, the Report proceeds to consider the evidence before them as to the positive merit of the different Armstrong calibres. It appears to the Committee that "the Armstrong field-gun is the best gun known for field purposes." Such is the opinion of the Duke of Cambridge, and such, according to Colonel Bingham, is the general opinion of officers of Artillery of all classes. Of the 40-pounders, the Committee say but little, briefly referring to an account of some experiments given in their appendix. It seems to be allowed that these guns have been at last brought to a state of efficiency. On the 110-pounder as a land service gun the Report says little or nothing. With regard to its worth as a naval service gun, the Committee express some doubt. They regard the 110-pounders as "useful for chase guns," but at close quarters and at short ranges the old 68-pounder smooth-bore is still thought by naval officers to be more effective than any rifled gun. The Armstrong 110-pounder is too light a gun for penetrating iron plates, and the difficulties of manufacturing and managing the vent-piece render it unfitted for general use as a broadside weapon. "Nevertheless," say the Committee, "the 110-pounder is considered by naval men of eminence in their profession as a most valuable weapon in its present proportion to the armament of a ship; and the Duke of Somerset is of opinion that the navy has not got too many of them." The Report does not deal with the heavier Armstrong guns that have been employed in the experiments against the iron targets. It was probably beyond the province of the Committee to receive evidence on this head. Their business was only to examine the history of the lighter guns that have been adopted generally in the British service. But with regard to the Armstrong shell—which is used in different shapes in guns of all calibres,—they state that the "testimony to it has been universally favourable: it is described as the most formidable weapon ever used against wooden ships, and most formidable in its effects and range." Those who have been present at the various experiments of the last six months at Shoeburyness have had an opportunity of observing the destructive effect of these very shells against the various iron plates that have been selected for the ordeal.

The question as to the economy of buying guns from the Elswick firm instead of making them at Woolwich seems involved in greater doubt. The Committee come to no satisfactory conclusion; and state that the evidence on the subject is conflicting. If we judge by the rates furnished by Woolwich to the Accountant-General of the War Office, the country would have saved considerably by manufacturing its own guns. But Mr. Baring, who was for some time Under Secretary of War, is apparently of a different opinion; and the Committee gave up the investigation in despair of ever arriving at the truth. Upon examination the Woolwich accounts turned out to be hopelessly confused and obscure. Nothing could be made of the Woolwich rates; and the Committee close their Report with a sharp recommendation to the Government to look after the Woolwich system of accounting. It is really too bad that the country should not be able to inform itself accurately of the cost of manufacturing guns and other produce at the Govern-

ment manufactories. Deprived of the advantage of a positive opinion from the Committee, we are obliged to fall back upon theory in default of facts. Most persons will be inclined to think that the country had better as a rule make its own ordnance, though under the special circumstances of the case, and having regard to the state of Europe at the time, the Government may not have been wrong in taking the course it did. Some such negative conclusion suggests itself to the framers of the Report. "Your Committee find themselves unprepared to impugn the wisdom of the course adopted by General Peel and followed by successive Administrations with respect to the Elswick Company." We should be even more inclined to believe in the economy of manufacturing at Woolwich, if the Woolwich books were not involved in so much mystery. Thanks to this unpardonable fault, the comparison which the Committee were bound to make has not been made, and we are obliged to remain in ignorance upon the subject. It is to be hoped that before another session is over so important a branch of the public accounts will be in a very different state. It is not an unfair supposition that when there is a confused system of accounts, there is also waste.

THE KING OF THE GRAND CUSTOM.

OUR attention has been called to this amiable and interesting monarch by two communications which have appeared during the past week, one in the *Times* and the other in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, of so opposite a character that we know not which is the more startling of the two. In the letter of M. Jules Gerard, addressed to the Duke of Wellington, and printed in the *Times* of Tuesday, we see again those features in the life of his Majesty which so much horrified us when we perused the account of the Grand Custom of Dahomey some months back. In the announcement of the *Daily Post* we find him emulating civilization in one of its most pleasant forms, the purchase of an elegant equipage. For a moment, by the levelling powers of commerce, the African savage is placed upon a par with the civilized monarch. And we are proud to say it is English skill and taste which have performed this miracle. It appears that some time back the King gave orders for the construction of two carriages, one for himself, the other for his better half. On Saturday they were finished, and transmitted to the London Docks for shipment, so that before long they will reach their destination. Here is their description:—

"One carriage is a very elegant open sociable barouche, having a handsome canopy, supported by six spiral columns, richly gilt. The body is painted a similar ground to the carriage of her Majesty—viz., deep chest—around which is a beautifully executed bordering of fruit and foliage, painted in natural colours. On one door panel, enclosed in a blue ribbon, bearing a Spanish inscription, is a representation of an Amazon, having a lion by her side; and on the other door panel a similar figure, accompanied by a large fish. The wheels and under carriage, &c., are of a rich carmine, and the lining and draperies of the canopy of crimson silk. The other carriage, as the inscription thereon indicates, has been built for the Queen of Dahomey. It is what is called a sedan, or species of brougham, and is got up in the same style as the barouche. Both carriages, when in use by the African Monarch and Queen, will, by means of ropes, be drawn by twenty and ten slaves respectively."

Nothing can be more tasteful and luxurious than this description; but we tremble to think what will be the condition of the richly-gilt columns, the beautiful bordering of fruit and foliage, the linings and draperies of crimson silk, after the carriages have been used at the bloody sacrifices of Dahomey. Perhaps the most awful thing of all would be to see the gloomy savage seated in his elegant barouche, with his cunning and cruel face and bull-dog head; for, in spite of Commodore Wilmot's certificate in favour of his Majesty's personal appearance, which represents him as a tall, handsome, and well-built man with an agreeable expression of countenance, we have no doubt that M. Jules Gerard is right in the description we have borrowed from his letter. This point, however, is of little consequence. We have given our readers a glimpse of the carriages; let us now, from M. Gerard's letter, show them on what occasions of state they will be employed. M. Gerard spent twenty days at Kana while the king was staying there for the celebration of the lesser ceremonies. Our readers cannot have forgotten the nature of the Grand Customs, but they may have imagined that these wholesale butcheries satisfied the year's lust for blood which the King and his subjects believe to reside in the spirit of the deceased monarch. This is a great mistake. The lesser ceremonies appear to be almost as bloody as the Custom. M. Gerard states that on the day of his presentation he was conducted across the Market-place, where twelve corpses were exposed to view on separate sites, six being hung by the feet, and six in an upright position like men about to walk. All were horribly mutilated, and an enormous

pool of blood covered the ground beneath the scaffold. Commodore Wilmot has assured us that the King is willing to do away with these sacrifices, but is restrained by his priests and people. M. Gerard, on the contrary, says that the King is even more fond of them than his subjects. It would appear at least that they are far from shocking his sentiments. "I saw him on that day," says M. Gerard, "admiring, with the delight of a child, the grotesque dances and ridiculous pantomime of his ministers, and then of the princes, and then of all present, for our amusement. A most infernal music, which nearly deafened us, delighted the King, who seemed to be in a state of ecstasy." This scene lasted six hours. It seems to have been preparatory to the event of the following day, to witness which M. Gerard and the French Consul were invited. This was the procession of the King's riches. The account of it is altogether so extraordinary that we leave M. Gerard to tell it in his own words:—

"On reaching the square of the palace (read huts) an agreeable surprise had been prepared for us. The entrance gate was flooded by a pool of blood two yards in width, and on each side a column of recently decapitated heads formed two immense chaplets. It is true that on this day the King wore the emblem of Christ on his breast. It must be presumed that it was the cross of execution that he meant to imply by this ornament. As regards the procession of his wealth, it consisted of a few old carriages, bath chairs carried by men with figures like Pulcinello. One thousand women carried each a bottle of liquor on her head, a brass basin in the shape of a footbath to receive the blood of the human victims on the day of the King's banquet; an image of the Virgin; various baskets-full of human skulls; an image of St. Lawrence, as large as life, carried by blacks; finally the drum of death."

How these Christian associations came to be mixed up with the horrid implements of the greater and lesser ceremonies of Dahomey, M. Gerard does not attempt to explain. He proceeds to give an account of another festival, at which the King reviewed his Amazons. On this occasion the market-place was at each step ornamented with a dead body, and the King came and went in the midst of pools of blood and fragments of human flesh in a state of putrefaction. "On this occasion he had daubed his face with coal. The ceremony terminated with a mad dance, in which the King took part, dancing *vis-à-vis* to drunken soldiers and musicians." We make no apology for placing these facts before our readers, disgusting as they are. We have sent an embassy to Dahomey, and the despatches of Commodore Wilmot have led us to believe that it was not without effect. The King, indeed, declared that he must proceed "softly" in winning his subjects from their cruel rites, but professed himself willing to consider our proposition that he should put a stop to them, and give up the slave trade. But if M. Gerard is not scandalously trifling with us, this profession is worth very little.

"It is the custom," he says, "to excite the people with sanguinary spectacles, so as to be able to carry off the neighbouring population when a slave-dealer makes an offer to the king, and also at the annual custom of human sacrifices." Barbarism and civilization here meet in their most revolting forms. The Dahomians believe that their sacrifices have an expiatory power, and that calamities would fall upon their country if they were not performed. The slave-trader believes that the negro has no higher destiny than to fill the pockets of the white man, who makes him an article of commerce. Between the two we cannot hesitate in our choice as to which is the greater disgrace to humanity. Molech has had his votaries in our own island, and, hideous as the customs of Dahomey are, they have the excuse of barbarism and superstition. But while Christianity drove the Druid out of Britain, men who profess its doctrines strive to perpetuate the abominable rites of Dahomey. The king and his people subsist on the dollars which the slave-trader exchanges for their captives. The traffic in human beings is their only commerce and their only source of revenue. So long as it continues, so long will the Grand Custom and lesser ceremonies of Dahomey survive.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.

THERE was a period, about five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when American credit and American securities took a position among British capitalists which promised to give the inhabitants of those States great facilities as borrowers of money. It was, of course, antecedent to the explosion of the United States Bank, and previously to the discovery of the trickery and fraud perpetrated by the astute Nicholas Biddle and his accomplished colleagues, with the view of supporting that rickety institution. Nevertheless, meanwhile, through the assistance of trusty agents, attracted by the promises of huge commissions and large margins in price, several well-known London establishments requiring employment for their resources did not hesitate to enter into engagements to adopt a variety of American issues both in the

shape of State stocks and the bonds and debentures of a number of the railway companies just then struggling into existence. To ensure a ready negotiation of these supposed valuable securities, which in almost every instance carried a rate of interest equal to 6 per cent., the loan-mongers and brokers introduced contracts for the purchase of iron and railway material, so that the extra "dead weight" of a second commission induced many persons who would not otherwise have ventured in them to take a portion of the risk incident to a fresh business arrangement. The progress the contractors made in floating stocks, shares, and bonds, encouraged the manufacture of new classes, and consequently the appetite of the public was gratified by competitors, over the length and breadth of the Union, who, if they did not find first-class establishments here ready to enter into their arrangements, speedily obtained access to second and third rate houses, which, tempted by the success of some of their neighbours, could not resist the profits which were said to arise from this kind of business. The staid particularity of Lombard-street was even for a while carried away by the excitement, and bankers and others in that locality, who had formerly looked only to Consols and Exchequer Bills as the kind of negotiable property on which to make advances, filled their boxes with American scrip and American promises to pay, allured by the seeming advantage of the rate of interest and the price at which they were held. During the time this financial game was proceeding, and our 'cute Yankee cousins were constructing their public works, and principally their lines of railway, the banks were organized; and these, by one special channel or another, aided to maintain the existing fashion till the grand crisis of 1835-36 arrived, when the true extent of transatlantic indebtedness, and the worth of the paper they had circulated throughout the world, became properly ascertained. When the grand collapse occurred, its influence permeating all banking circles, it was, however, soon perceived that the Britisher was not companionless in his misfortunes, for the Parisian and the Hollander were alike sacrificed—since they in their turn, not having allowed the golden opportunity for participation to pass, experienced difficulty from the inability of States and companies to fulfil their engagements, even where they had sufficient honesty to recognize their existence. Then arose the doctrine of repudiation, which, forming a most convenient though discreditable mode of avoiding payment, did more than anything else to destroy the prestige of the States as borrowers, and the character of their merchants and citizens as trustworthy people. At the same time, and nearly as possible at the same date, the United States Bank, with its diminished capital and enormously enlarged liabilities, succumbed, and in its fall brought a succession of disasters, from which there was no recovery for years. In the various investigations which followed this break-down of State, bank, and railway responsibilities, circumstances transpired to show that if the Yankees were too willing borrowers, offering any terms rather than not obtaining the money, English and other capitalists had in special cases been but too facile lenders, thinking that they had secured a good bargain, with sufficient guarantee for its due enforcement. Their great mistake in this respect was only rendered apparent when the law courts of the Union failed to administer justice, and when the disgraceful proceedings of those who should have preserved their country's financial honour, provoked the caustic satire of the writer of "Peter Plymley."

The shock thus given to American finance and American credit has never yet been repaired. Years have intervened, and endeavours have been made at one epoch and another to secure assistance in the European money markets when assistance has been required. But never have these attempts been successful in the manner that they should have been, looking at the great resources of the country, the aptitude of the people for its development, and their untiring energy. United States Stocks—those based on the security of the Union—have occasionally been popular at a price; some of the Southern State Stocks, like Virginia, have also been supported, and two or three of the long arterial railways; but whenever it has been desired to give a stimulus to American credit or American enterprise, the gaunt spectre of repudiation has appeared to damp the ardour of the public or the individuals who sought prematurely to encourage the movement. But the second blow from which the railway interest of the United States suffered was the revelations elicited in the Schuyler fraud, the explosion of the Ohio Trust Company, and the liquidations which succeeded those memorable events. The extravagant expenditure on the lines, the doubtful accounts presented, the depth of indebtedness owing to the issue of first, second, and third mortgage bonds, and the eventual suspension of dividends, entailed another panic, from the effects of which even some of our prominent statesmen did not escape—the honoured Richard Cobden himself having in a pecuniary sense been compromised. The character and credit of the Americans again were seriously damaged by the flagrant jobbery, which placed men in an unfortunate position in these undertakings, who were wholly incompetent to manage them, with salaries out of all proportion to their deserts, and this at a most critical juncture in their existence, and when it was a question, in fact, whether the works themselves would not have to be altogether stopped. The third, and in all probability the final blow to American securities, will prove to be the war between the contending factions of North and South. Each party has already experienced its ruinous effects from the drain to maintain standing armies in the field and to provide for the requisite expenditure. If the South have had to submit to exorbitant rates to obtain moderate amounts of capital and supplies, the North have had to appeal to forced loans, and this not always with success. The

currency of the South has naturally become depreciated, and has circulated only in those quarters where its value is looked upon more as a symbol of money in the midst of a great national struggle than as something of worth; and in the North the free issue of greenbacks has produced such a revolution in exchange and quotations that the Federal debt will, before long, represent an enormous total. With labour disturbed and manufacturing industry utterly paralyzed, there can be no other result than utter financial ruin, which will sooner or later accrue. Take place when it may, and the end cannot be far off, the crash will be most fearful to contemplate, and the North and South alike will, if possible, be plunged still deeper in fiscal disorganization and mercantile embarrassment. What hope can there be in the next decade for America or her securities, even when she in reality possesses a chance of emerging from such a "slough of despond?" Financial regulations have not burdened her back for the last eighteen months; favour has been accorded and licences voted to the Secretary of the Treasury, to do what? To increase the debt by every means in his power, and by every strategy he could devise—not with the ultimate view of redemption, but to obtain ready money, in whatever shape he could or on any terms he was able, to pay the army, feed needy Government officials, and keep up a semblance of solvency. With all these resorts to Treasury issues, to advances on loan notes, to greenbacks, and postage currency, the stream of finance is drifting to one end—absolute and inevitable bankruptcy. The excitement of the situation, the lust of conquest, may maintain the Treasury and its resources so long as there is the military chest to supply, but as soon as the charm of war—if there be a charm in bloodshed—shall subside, we must be prepared for the worst, for it will then be very shortly realized. Even the most sober-minded of our English merchants and capitalists have been looking ahead and arranging accordingly. They have sold out their securities for what they would fetch; they have narrowed their mercantile engagements to within the most confined limits; and they state unhesitatingly that they equally distrust the North or South, as to the strict performance of any engagements that they may discover hereafter inconvenient to bear. In fact, the revival of the doctrine of repudiation will, it is believed, be witnessed, not in single or isolated cases, but in a wholesale form; and the very tone of hostility adopted towards England and Englishmen is presumed to be the precursor of that change, which if it shall not seek revenge in open hostilities, may effect its covert purpose in a less dignified way. Of course, it is highly probable that some of the American railway stocks and shares may turn out good speculations, so far as a rise or fall in prices is concerned, and it is also extremely likely that combined operations may occasion a temporary inflation, in order if possible to trap the unwary; but the day of popularity for American securities, as *bona fide* securities, has passed, and the public will exercise a sound and healthy discretion by hesitating to invest in any description, however tempting the quotation, or however *couleur de rose* any of the reports may seem. British losses by American stocks and shares may already be reckoned to have reached millions; and it is very desirable, much though it may be deplored by New York operators and New York agents, whose aim is commission and brokerage, that this system of plundering the English should be for ever arrested.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

STEPHEN ON THE CRIMINAL LAW.*

THIS book contains a successful attempt to follow a hitherto untrodden path of legal literature. "It is intended," we are told in the preface, "neither for practical use nor for an introduction to professional study. Its object is to give an account of the general scope, tendency, and design of an important part of our institutions, of which surely none can have a greater moral significance or be more closely connected with broad principles of morality and politics than those by which men rightfully, deliberately, and in cold blood kill, enslave, and otherwise torment their fellow creatures." It does not, therefore, appeal to professional men only, but to every one who cares to master the principles on which the laws governing his conduct as a citizen are founded. Nor does Mr. Stephen content himself with simply describing the law as it is; he also suggests what, in his judgment, it ought to be. Most of those difficult questions about which there is so much vague discussion, but so little real knowledge, are carefully considered. Thus the responsibility of madmen, the practice of interrogating prisoners, the propriety of requiring a unanimous verdict from juries, and a number of topics equally interesting and equally embarrassing are treated of in their turn, and on each an opinion, on one side or the other, is expressed. Wherever it seems necessary, the French system is contrasted with our own; and, in order that the reader may be the better able to judge between them, a full account of several remarkable French and English trials is given at the close of the volume.

Before entering on these perplexing questions, however, Mr. Stephen devotes a long chapter to the history of the construction of our criminal system, which, until recently, was indeed a reproach to a civilized and humane people. Every part of it was crowded with defects and anomalies palpable to the eye of any one but a professional pedant, and only to be explained by recalling the

* A General View of the Criminal Law of England. By J. Fitzjames Stephen. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

manner in which they had grown up. That they should ever have existed is not surprising, but that they should have existed so long speaks ill for the capacity of English legislators. Up to the time when the genius of Sir S. Romilly overcame all opposition, every attempt at reform was met by practised lawyers like Lord Kenyon and Lord Ellenborough with panegyrics on the existing state of things and dismal prophecies of the ruin sure to result from change. The very faults of the law were turned into virtues and defended with a tenacity worthy of a Tory nobleman in defence of a rotten borough. Yet a code of punishments theoretically of barbarous severity, but practically, owing to the operation of "benefit of clergy" and the ludicrous technicalities of indictments, of entire uncertainty, could scarcely seem the "perfection of reason" to anybody but a special pleader. A system which sanctioned, for example, the burning of women and the pressing to death of prisoners who stood mute, which refused counsel to the accused, did not allow his witnesses to give their evidence under the sanction of an oath, and withheld from him a copy of the charge against him, but which, at the same time, often permitted a ruffian obviously guilty in fact to escape for some absurd reason, such as the misspelling of a word or the misstatement of a name in the indictment, appears rather to be a tissue of cruel folly than a monument of legal sagacity. "The general result," says Mr. Stephen, "was that almost every criminal stood a great chance of being hung, but if he escaped hanging he escaped almost everything deserving the name of punishment." He often escaped altogether because his offence happened to be strange and not exactly met by the words of any existing Act of Parliament. The real explanation of so lame a conclusion is to be found in the manner in which the criminal law was built up. The old Common Law of crimes, "a crude and meagre theory adapted to a rough state of society long since passed away," was, from time to time, supplemented by a huge mass of unsystematic statutes creating new crimes or altering old punishments, until at last the law, which, according to the old maxim, everybody is presumed to know, became too confused even for a trained lawyer to understand. Parliament never attempted to lay down broad definitions, but was content to pass Acts to meet particular cases, and these only. Probably this patchwork mode of proceeding was a necessity. Any attempt to lay down principles would have been voted down as "unpractical," for, as a nation, we are singularly apathetic about mere matters of theory; we never care to redress a grievance until it becomes intolerable. Nothing is ever done in England but by "pressure from without," and that pressure is never applied except when a material advantage is in full view. The rule is the same in every department of legislation. Protection might have existed to this day, had not Mr. Cobden impressed on men's minds that it meant a small loaf instead of a big one. The main drainage scheme was not begun until the Thames had become pestilential. The commission on punishments was not appointed before the streets of London had become as unsafe as Hounslow Heath in the days of Claude Duval. So in the criminal law, no barbarous custom was ever abolished, no offence against honesty was visited with punishment, until some monstrous practical consequence startled men from their sleep. Trial by battle, for instance, was a remnant of the rude manners of an uncivilized age, yet no one ever thought of getting rid of it, until in 1819 modern ideas were shocked by the spectacle of Thornton "waging his body" in an appeal of murder against Ashford, whose physical weakness alone prevented the scandal of a judicial combat in Westminster Hall. In this inveterate habit of locking the door of the stable after the horse is stolen may be found the reason why dishonest stockbrokers, fraudulent trustees, and swindlers of a like sort, so long escaped the punishment they really deserved as much as highwaymen or burglars. It required some fraud of enormous magnitude to induce the Legislature to provide against the misconduct of a class so respectable. Such difficulties would never have arisen, if our definitions had been broader and more satisfactory, and we had not been content with mere hand to mouth legislation. Unfortunately, we have been contented with it, and all we can now do is to make the best of it. Mr. Stephen is not hopeless of reducing the existing chaos to order. Much was done by the Consolidation Acts of 1861, and he thinks the good work might be completed by a Ministry of Justice. The reforms he recommends could not be begun under a more appropriate leadership than that of Lord Chancellor Westbury.

The elaborate chapters on procedure and evidence, which follow the historical sketch, are perhaps the most valuable and original portions of Mr. Stephen's book. Those who have been accustomed to think that "they manage these things better in France" will be astonished and disgusted at the practical results of our neighbours' system. It may be theoretically the correct one. But an investigation, privately conducted by an organized staff of paid magistrates, is wholly unsuited to English ideas. For historical reasons our procedure is not inquisitorial but litigious. Every trial is a strife between prosecutor and prisoner, in which the former is allowed to prove his case in his own way, and the latter to arrange his defence in his own way. The Crown seldom interferes, except in cases of great public importance. There is no public prosecutor, nor could one be appointed without a radical change in our whole system. Officers like the *procureur-général* and his subordinates might make the detection of crime easy, but they would make the administration of justice most unpopular, and therefore most difficult. There is great room for improvement in detail, but any change in principle would, we think with Mr. Stephen, be a mistake.

But there is much more to be said in favour of the practice of interrogating the prisoner. Nor would its introduction be a novelty, but only a recurrence to the practice of the courts previous to the Revolution of 1688. After the time of Lord Holt, direct questioning fell into disuse, but the principle remained in operation, though in an indirect form, until the Prisoners' Counsel Act of 1836, allowing all accused persons to employ counsel. Up to the last date, the production of evidence against a prisoner was in itself an unwieldy interrogatory, most difficult for him to answer. Forgetfulness or nervousness might cause him to omit some explanation that a question would have drawn out. Even if defended, he may now suffer the same evils as before from the carelessness or clumsiness of his advocate, and may purchase entire exemption from all questions, direct or indirect, too dear; and if undefended—as is most frequently the case—his position remains, in Mr. Stephen's words, "absolutely pitiable." The reader may judge for himself from the following account of the common run of a criminal trial:—

"Ten or twelve awkward clowns, 'looking,' as an eminent advocate once observed, 'like over-driven cattle,' are crowded together in the dock. Their minds are confounded with formulas about challenging the jury, standing on their deliverance, and pleading to the indictment; the case is opened, and the witnesses called by a man to whom the whole process has become a mere routine, and whose very coolness must confuse and bewilder ignorant and interested hearers. After the witness has been examined, comes a scene which most lawyers know by heart; but which I can never hear without pain. It is something to the following effect:—

"Judge.—Do you wish to ask the witness any questions?

"Prisoner.—Yes, sir. I ask him this, my lord. I was walking down the lane with two other men, for I'd heard—

"Judge.—No, no, that's your defence. Ask him questions. You may say what you please to the jury afterwards, but now you must ask him questions.

"In other words, the prisoner is called upon, without any previous practice, to throw his defence into a series of interrogatories, duly marshalled, both as to the persons to be asked and as to the subjects to be inquired into; an accomplishment which trained lawyers often pass years in acquiring imperfectly. After this interruption has occurred three or four times in the course of a trial, the prisoner is not unfrequently reduced to utter perplexity and forgetfulness, and thinks it respectful to be silent."

It is obvious how grateful an innocent man would be, were the judge or the counsel for the Crown to point out to him the parts of the evidence weighing most heavily against him and invite an explanation. No one profits by the present practice except a prisoner who is really guilty, and the increased certainty of convicting him is another advantage of explicit interrogation. The objection that the system has worked ill in France is answered by remembering that here its objects would be entirely different. There it is a sort of moral torture applied, previous to the trial, to the prisoner in the solitude of his cell, to extort a confession. Here it would be used not to manufacture evidence, but to give the accused a chance of explaining away evidence already obtained from others. It would take place before the magistrates and at the trial, where perfect publicity would insure fair play. The French procedure would doubtless be intolerable in England. We have a strong dislike to convict a man even on a voluntary confession, and if there was the least suspicion that it had been extorted, no jury would act on it alone. In France, on the other hand, the aim of the procureur and his staff is to make the criminal confess, and to gain it they treat him with a harshness and brutality of which no English magistrate would dare to be guilty. An illustration will best show to what lengths they think it decent to go. At the trial of the monk Léotade for rape and murder, at Toulouse, so recently as 1848, the Judge of Instruction gave the following evidence without reproof:—

"I often went to see the accused, to persuade him to submit patiently to his long detention, and also to try and inspire him, as is my duty, with the thought of making sincere and complete confessions. I generally found Brother Léotade kneeling in prayer, and appearing so much absorbed in his meditations that he did not perceive my arrival, and that I was obliged to speak first to get a word with him. He got up, and then long conversations between us began. I made every effort to make him see that, in a religious point of view, the way to expiate his crime was to tell the whole truth to justice. One day he said to me, 'Yes, I understand; and accordingly if I had been guilty, I should have already thrown myself at your feet.' 'My God,' said I, 'you must not exaggerate your crime; it is no doubt enormous, but human justice takes everything into account. Perhaps they will think that you acted in one of those movements of accidental fortuitous passion, when reason yields and the will almost disappears. God, who appreciates all, will inspire your judges, and they will measure equitably the extent of your crime.' He listened with great attention, and looking at me fixedly said, 'Admit for a moment . . . but death.' 'Well,' said I, 'who knows that the perpetrator of the first crime was the perpetrator of the second? The girl may have thrown herself down. The death may have been accidental.' He reflected, and said, 'No, I am not guilty.' However, if I must say all I think, I thought, and I still think, Léotade was on the point of making a confession."

"President.—What sense did you attach to the words, 'but death'? 'Oh, my God!' I thought he meant to say, 'If they excuse the first crime, will they not be inexorable for the second?'"

The report of the trial adds that, upon this, Léotade energetically protested against the sense put upon his words. Such a disgraceful exhibition of judicial unfairness would scarcely have been tolerated.

in the days of Jeffreys and Scroggs. Now, the scrupulous impartiality and high honour of English judges would render it wholly impossible. If our courts err at all, it is in a too indulgent kindness towards the prisoner. Were a sergeant of police to give such evidence as the Judge of Instruction was not ashamed to give, he would not only cover himself with infamy, but would probably insure an acquittal.

We have not space to follow Mr. Stephen into any other of the subjects of which he treats. We must refer our readers to the book itself. Though written by a professional man, it is singularly free from professional bias and technical terms. It deserves to be widely read, and should be popular with educated and thoughtful men. It will enable them to understand the principles on which legal reform should proceed, and prevent them from demanding changes which the character of our system of procedure renders impossible.

A TRIP UP THE NILE.*

THIS is a lively and entertaining volume—light reading on a grave subject—a chatty book about Egypt. The authoress does not weary you with scientific disquisitions on the discovered or undiscovered sources of the Nile, the six-and-twenty dynasties of Egyptian kings from Menes to Psammenitus, the dates and dimensions of the several pyramids, the correctness or incorrectness of the accounts given of the country by Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny; but she places you by her side, makes you her fellow-traveller, and, in a manner equally pleasing and familiar, causes you to see what she saw, to hear what she heard, and feel interest in all that interested her. That she was, indeed, well read in the works of other travellers in Egypt, we cannot doubt. There is abundant reason to suppose from her pages that she had prepared herself for her "Nile trip" by conning the researches of Pococke, Bruce, and Belzoni; but the charm of her book is this, that all her painting is in fresco, that she started on her expedition October 9th, 1860, and that she describes Egypt fully and graphically, not as it was, but as it is—not as it appeared to this or that man in former days, but as she saw it only yesterday with her own keen and observant eye.

Miss Carey was accompanied in her travels by "Cousin Phil," his daughter Selina, the man-servant Thomas, and Sarah the lady's maid; and although the only gentleman of the party was lame, paralyzed, and seventy-five years of age, they seem, one and all, to have been full of mirth and enjoyment. The *Vectis*, Peninsular and Oriental steamer, carried them swiftly over the blue waters of the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Alexandria. There they were mightily vexed by a plague of mosquitoes, and horror-struck by the dwellings of the poor.

"It is hard to believe that human beings, living so near civilized lands, can own such homes. They are the most wretched mud hovels that can be conceived, roofed over with bundles of dried cane, conveying no idea but that of pigstyes of the worst description. Indeed, our pigs at home would probably object to inhabit them. The appearance of the poor creatures who live in these hovels is wretched in the extreme."

In this style Miss Carey gossips prettily enough about every object that strikes her, bestowing large attention, of course, on the costumes of the men, the women in white cotton, and the ladies in Persian silks of all colours. Authoresses have a rare eye for dress; we know that this is a feminine instinct. By the end of October half the families in Alexandria were laid up with fever, and the time for embarking on the Nile was come. The season lasts till the end of March, and at this period the earlier travellers can set out the better, in order that they may not lose the fair winds which usually blow during the first two months. In sailing up the river, the current in some parts is very strong, and the dahabééh, or Nile-boat, has need of favouring gales. If the passage of the cataracts be contemplated, there is the more reason for being in good time, for the waters of the Nile at this season decrease rapidly. The rise and overflow of this marvellous river begin in the end of June, and continue till the end of September; it recedes during the months of October and November, and having fertilized the land by the rich deposit which it leaves behind, returns again to its usual bed. No wonder that the people of old, to whom the first cause was but dimly revealed, should have worshipped the beneficent stream as their tutelary god.

From Alexandria to Cairo the noisy locomotive, with carriages of English manufacture, now hisses through the waving corn-fields and mud villages of the natives, and menaces the benighted regions of Islamism with the civilization of Western Europe.

"In some parts," says Miss Carey, "the rich, luxuriant soil was freshly turned up by the primitive wooden plough, drawn now by two oxen, now by two buffaloes, whilst one man, in loose white dress and turban, guided it from behind. In other parts the country was still inundated: rice was growing up in the midst of the water, and some fresh grain was being scattered in; large tracts of barley, already ripe, lay in the sunshine, of a brilliant golden hue, and in many fields the harvest was going on. The beautiful rich green of the coffee shrub and plantations of the cotton-plant in pod were seen as the train passed on at slow Egyptian pace, crossing the river over the suspension-bridge built by Robert Stephenson."

Thus the travellers were brought within sight of the pyramids

* Four Months in a Dahabééh; or, Narrative of a Winter's Cruise on the Nile. By M. L. M. Carey. London: L. Booth.

of Geezeh—the resting-places of Egypt's kings four thousand years ago! At Cairo, it was not long before they engaged a boat for their expedition, and provided themselves with a dragoman, who laid in all their stores. For the "beautiful dahabééh," which was 97 feet in length from bow to stern, and 14 feet 2 inches in width, with a saloon and six cabins elegantly furnished, they were to pay £52 per month, for three months, and to go as far as the Second Cataracts. There were five-and-twenty souls on board; passengers five, dragoman and waiter, reis, or captain, steersman, fourteen men as crew, cook and cook's boy; and all the details of the preparations and the cruise are given with a precision which, far from being wearisome, will render the work invaluable to future pleasure-parties on the Nile, and a most agreeable addition to their indispensable guide-books. Numberless were the objects which arrested their attention as they sailed along the venerable water-course between groves of graceful palm-trees raising their feathery foliage against the clear, blue, cloudless sky. They glided by palaces of pashas, with their gardens full of life and music; by the pyramids of Abousir, Sakkara, and Dashéor; plantations of sugarcane; half-maniac-looking derweeshes, with matted woolly hair, tenanted their own tombs; and wild Coptic Christians, who, espying the dahabééh from their convent, rushed to the water's edge, plunged in naked, and swam towards the boat, shouting their faith, and begging for charity.

"A village of pigeon-houses next appeared, and there were many such all along the shore. A whole village is formed for the purpose of attracting these birds, which fly about everywhere in numerous flocks. The houses are built of mud, and are surmounted by little rounded cones, in many of which are placed pieces of the earthen jug of the country, and in these the pigeons deposit their eggs and hatch their young. The young birds become the property of the owner; these settlements thus constitute a large item in the wealth of the proprietor, and are sometimes the dowry of a bridegroom to his bride."

The performances of some Almé, or dancing-girls, in the city of Esneh, are admirably described; but the passage is too long to be extracted entire:—

"The dress of the 'Almé' is always gay and handsome. They wore on this occasion India silks, and necklaces of gold coins, crocodiles, and other figures, all in gold. Their fez-caps were sewn all over with small gold money; a handsome crown-piece of solid gold fastened the rich black-silk tassel; and a number of long braids of silk, equally covered with coins, forty of them at the least, dangled behind amongst the tiny plaits of their black hair, which between the silk braids and the tassel of the fez were very little seen. The fiddler, and the fiddle that accompanied the dancers, were the most curious part of the whole scene. The instrument was made of a cocoa-nut, cut crosswise in half; across it a bladder was tightly stretched; the handle was a rough stick, and two bundles of horsehair, white and black, were stretched along the whole by way of strings. Two very large pegs at the top served to tune the strings, and a projecting iron stem beyond the cocoa-nut shell to rest the instrument on the ground. The fingers of one hand moved at the top, on the two bundles of strings, with the greatest agility; while the other hand and arm worked away at the fiddle-stick, which was formed of another bunch of horsehair, loosely stretched and tightened by his hand in holding it. The variety of very peculiar sounds caused by the contact was almost incredible, a good deal of expression being arrived at by suddenly jerking the instrument first to one side, then to the other, in a way which would, no doubt, have astonished the talent of Paganini."

Sterne hated the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba and say all was barren. He would not have hated Miss Carey. She is singularly alive to all that is remarkable, and would find more to describe in a desert than many others would in a metropolis. She observes the moral and intellectual features of the natives of Egypt and Nubia no less than the aspect of external things. The Egyptian Arabs have a keen sense of shame, and to mortify their pride is to inflict on them the severest punishment. The night-watchers on board the *Cairo*, or Nile-boat of the English travellers, had slept during the appointed watch. This was discovered by the dragoman, who therefore insisted on the captain obliging them to lie down on the deck the next morning after breakfast, and making the cook-boy *step across their heads*. The degradation was so great that not a word was spoken for a considerable time, and one man would not touch a morsel of food till the end of the day. The reis had to make the cook-boy perform his part by force. It was as great a punishment to him, poor boy, as to the offenders, who begged hard to be beaten with a hundred stripes rather than submit to such a disgrace.

It is pleasing to observe how many of the better and softer feelings of our nature are shared alike by savage and by civilized man, and evinced by exactly similar acts. Adam's race has not fallen so low but that it might have fallen, and may still fall, much lower. In a wild ravine, in the neighbourhood of Korosko, Miss Carey and her friends found the graves of three Austrians. One of these was distinguished by a headstone, on which appeared the following inscription:—"The Rev. D. Wurnitz, Miss. Cen. Afr. Died Feb. 4, 1856." The tomb of this missionary was as much respected as if it had been in a Christian land; and Moslem piety had strewn over it, as over other mounds adjacent, some of those smooth round pebbles which the natives are wont to collect from the desert sands, and scatter, as we should flowers and garlands, over the graves of those they have loved and lost.

On January 12, 1861, the cruisers reached the village of Wadée Halfeh, the term of their journey. There they hired a "cangia"

or cargo boat, which, with a row boat, was to convey them to the Second Cataracts. They lie in latitude $21^{\circ} 52' N.$, about 660 miles distant, in a direct line, from the mouths of the Nile. The travellers had sailed up one-third only of the mighty river's course, for its length from the source, following its bend towards the sea, is about 3,000 miles. It waters and fertilizes the whole of the country through which it flows, and Egypt owes to it its very existence as a productive and habitable region.

"We stood at last," writes Miss Carey, "on the rock of Abousir, with the Second Cataracts of the Nile at our feet. From left to right, as far as the eye can reach, it follows the thickly studded groups of black or dark green porphyry rocks, with which the bed of the river is broken up. The blue water winds and rushes in rapids and eddies in and out and round them all, making a low, roaring, splashing sound, which, when the river is full, is heard at a great distance. In the far horizon a single line of light marks where the Nile again pursues a placid course, until it shows again its turbulent career in the Third Cataracts at Semneh."

To those who believe in Revelation, Egypt has, in one point of view, an interest which attaches to no other country save the Holy Land. Chaldea and Mesopotamia are associated with the memory of the Father of the Faithful, the deserts of Arabia with the long wanderings of Israel, and the waters of the proud Euphrates with the captivity of the Jews in Babylon; but Egypt alone has been both the residence of the chosen people and the refuge of Messiah in the arms of Mary. To this day tradition preserves a record of His flight from the persecutions of Herod. Heliopolis is supposed by many to have been the abode of the Pharaohs before the rise of Memphis. Here stood the famed Temple of the Sun, of which Potipherah, the father-in-law of Joseph, was priest; and here the father and brothers of Joseph first arrived in Egypt, and the neighbouring land of Goshen was given to them for their dwelling. On the site of this celebrated city, once regarded as the university in whose college of priests the learned of other lands might perfect their studies, now stands a garden planted round the obelisk of Osirtasen the First (B.C. 2020). At the entrance of the garden is a fountain, invested by legendary lore with many a tale in connection with the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. The fountain is reported to have been miraculously rendered sweet to quench the thirst of the fugitives; and it is said that here the Virgin, with her own hands, washed the clothes of the infant Saviour; and a tree at a short distance, in another garden, is hallowed, even in the eyes of the natives, and called the "Virgin's Sycamore," as having afforded shelter to the "Family from Judea."

But enough has been gathered from Miss Carey's narrative to show that the volume will amply repay perusal. In careful observation of a most interesting tract of country and abundance of incident it cannot easily be surpassed, while the composition, though not of the highest order, is free from all glaring defect.

PETS AND THEIR IMMORTALITY.*

We have been amused and instructed by the perusal of this little book. Yet we cannot but fancy that the author means to laugh at us. We look back to the title-page to satisfy ourselves as to his position. Is he really the Rev. J. G. Wood?—and if so, being in holy orders, why, in default of some parochial cure, does he not dub himself rector of the parish of Petland, or chief professor in some seminary for the education of cats, and for the mental development of tortoises, owls, toads, newts, lizards, and chameleons? Some of the expressions which he uses, in speaking of his pets, seem to us hardly consistent with the good sense which pervades this and other volumes with which he has favoured us. Certainly the time, labour, and ingenuity which he spends in the taming and teaching of his many pets, appear to us more suited to occupy the powers of an invalid lady, than of a clergyman in the full vigour of his manhood—for such we judge the author to be, by the glimpse which we obtain of him, among his pets, in the frontispiece of this volume. We are glad, no doubt, to have the book, but we feel disposed to begrudge the absolute abandonment of clerical duty to the pursuits indicated, which have made such a book possible. Speaking of his cat, while yet a kitten, he says, p. 4:—

"The office of nurse was no sinecure, and involved great labour; but he thrived so fast that he soon learned how to lap milk for himself, and so relieved me from the responsibility of feeding him."

Again, p. 56, he says of the same cat, when full grown, "to look after this funny animal is almost one person's business."

And, accordingly, it is abundantly evident that the writer is the "one person" whose "business" it was to "look after" him. Whole days and weeks must have been spent in watching this particular cat, in repressing his faults, in curing his wrongful propensities without punishment, and in extricating him from the troubles and predicaments which were the natural consequence of his inquisitive and wandering propensities.

The key to this *con amore* abandonment of time and talents to the inhabitants of "Petland" is to be found, we suppose, in the author's views as to the immortality of animals. In his opinion they have souls like our own, and will enjoy another state of

existence beyond the present. Let us quote his words from *Common Objects of the Country*, pp. 21, 22:—

"Much of the present heedlessness respecting animals is caused by the popular idea that they have no souls, and that when they die they entirely perish. Whence came that most preposterous idea? . . . Let any one wait in a frequented thoroughfare for only one short hour, and watch the sufferings of the poor brutes that pass by. Then, unless he denies the Divine Providence, he will see clearly that unless these poor creatures were compensated in another life, there is no such quality as justice. . . . All created things in which there is life must live for ever. There is only one life, and all living things only live as being recipients; so that as that life is immortality, all its recipients are immortal."

In full conformity with this theory, we have in the volume before us numberless expressions suitable to a clergyman dealing with his school-children, rather than with his cat or dog. Speaking of his favourite cat he says:—

"After a few days, I took him all round the house, so as to show him the localities, and explained to him that it would be foolish of him to get into the road through the hedge, or in any way lose himself in strange places."—P. 42. Again: "For the first few minutes he was terribly bewildered. However, I took him on my knee and talked to him, while he recovered from his surprise."—P. 27.

The same cat is represented as "howling with impatience," as "crying bitterly for a short time,"—which expression we might have interpreted to mean only mewling, had not the author proceeded to inform us that the poor animal "looked up in a reproachful manner, opened his mouth, and wept bitterly, uttering a long, low wail, as if his very heart were broken." The intelligence of this particular animal is represented as so great, that if any one should speak of him in a disrespectful manner, even though his name were not mentioned, he knew instinctively that he was the subject of conversation; and, says the author:—

"Up goes his tail, and with a quietly swaggering step he marches towards the door, and looks round for some one to open it. Should, however, no one answer his mute appeal, he disappears under a chair, and declines to show himself again until his wounded feelings have recovered their tone."

Now, we can hardly believe that in order to teach mercy to animals, it is needful thus to raise them to a level with ourselves. We will go any length with the author in enforcing mercy, and can entirely believe that

"Mercy to him that shows it is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;"

but we have yet to be convinced that the argument for this tenderness to animals must be based on their immortality. The immortality of animals is a curious and interesting question, and we do not shrink from discussing it. That animals have souls we do not for one moment doubt. Their souls may be inferior in their powers to those of men, but they are still souls. By what else, except the word "soul," can we express the difference between an animal and a tree or vegetable? The animal has powers of perception, of affection, and—if we are required to avoid the word "reason"—yet mental powers. Under "perception," we class the powers of sight, hearing, and smell; hunger, pain, and so forth. Under "affection," we class love, hatred, joy, sorrow, jealousy, pride, and many others. Under "mental powers," thought, judgment, choice, and above all, memory. The gift of memory in men and animals we may say, in passing, appears to us to be the hardest nut which the mere materialist is called upon to crack. If it be true that the substance of the brain passes away with the lapse of years and is formed afresh, yet neither in men nor animals is there an obliteration of impressions received through the brain.

Animals, therefore, we freely admit, have souls. The same word is used in Genesis and elsewhere to express the spiritual principle in animals, as is used to denote the spiritual principle in man. The question between ourselves and the author of this volume might possibly be as to the powers of the soul in animals, and certainly as to its immortality. The former of these questions, however, we do not propose to discuss, though we should take exception to some of his expressions. We content ourselves with naming the obvious difference between the human and the animal soul, in the following particulars. In animals, the power of profiting by the acquired knowledge or experience of their predecessors is totally wanting; and they are devoid of conscience. We are not to forget that throughout nature there are gradations of essences. Each gradation may be perfect "after its kind," but only after its kind. The soul of an animal may be perfect up to its measure, but its measure is enormously inferior to that of man.

We are aware that, in admitting the existence of a soul in animals, we are met with the objection, that where there is a soul there is responsibility. We are inclined to believe it possible that animals are, in some degree, responsible, but that their responsibility is not to their Creator, but to man. When animals were first created, they were brought to man, "to see what he would call them." They were required to look to man, and not to their Creator, as their head. They were to be his subjects. In his hands was their life to be placed. He was to be to them the viceroy of the common Father, himself being responsible to God for the use of his authority. It strikes us as a singular fact, in relation to the souls of animals and to their partial responsibility, that it

* *Glimpses into Petland*. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of "Illustrated Natural History," "Common Objects of the Seashore and Country," "My Feathered Friends," "Sketches and Anecdotes," &c. &c. London: Bell & Daldy.

was declared at the beginning, not only "at the hand of man," but "at the hand of every beast will I require the life of man." There would be no meaning in this retribution if the animal had no living soul to be forfeited, as the human soul had been yielded to death. It would be absurd to destroy a vegetable which had caused the death of a human being, inasmuch as it has no soul. It was not considered absurd to destroy an animal under such circumstances, inasmuch as it has a soul.

The question of the immortality of animals remains. Much as the question has been argued in favour of their immortality, we cannot say that the arguments have brought conviction to our minds. Bishop Butler, indeed, says that there is no proof that animals are not immortal, but neither is there any proof that they are. The Scriptures speak of "the beasts that perish;" and it seems to us that the whole tenor of authority is in favour of a distinction in this respect between men and animals. The statement of our author is this. "All created things in which there is life, must live for ever. There is only one life, and all living things only live as being recipients (*sic*); so that as life is immortality, all its recipients are immortal." This, surely, is *petitio principii*. Is it certain that annihilation of spirit is inconsistent with the attributes of the Creator? Stability is not the present character of His works. The present dispensation is eminently transitory. Change goes on in everything. To everything there is a time and a purpose. We do not think it contrary to our knowledge of God to suppose that he calls into existence certain essences, to serve a certain end—such, for example, as the comfort, well-being, or convenience of man; and that when that end is accomplished, He may recall the existence which He gave. The soul of man is immortal only by the will of the Creator. Is there anything inconsistent with His attributes in believing that the souls of animals may be mortal by the same will?

We must refer the reader to the book itself for much interesting information as to the habits and propensities of animals. In this volume we find hints for making friends among cats, dogs, chameleons, rabbits, mice, toads, frogs, land and water tortoises, efts, lizards, porcupines, hedgehogs, bears, spiders, butterflies, and musk beetles. There is much curious and authentic information, and much that might be calculated to lead both adults and children to increased tenderness to our dumb dependants.

"Whatever," says the author, p. 217, "may be the position of a being in the scale of creation, I have found that it is more or less susceptible to human influences; and fully believe that, in most cases, if we fail in educating a higher intellect and more extended sympathies, the fault lies, not with the innate character of the beast, but in the imperfect efforts of the man. There are, of course, certain individuals who baffle all our efforts, who refuse to respond to kindness, and are only more hardened by severity, and who, in fact, are the criminals of the lower races. But, as a general rule, whenever man has set himself to work in the right way, he always succeeds, even with creatures apparently the most intractable. . . . The right education of pets is not a very easy matter, requiring a combination of qualities that are not very often found invested in the same person. The fortunate possessors of these qualities exercise an influence over their pets that seems almost magical in the rapidity with which it is gained, and the irresistible authority which it exerts. . . . Man stands before animals as a visible deity, bearing in his hands illimitable power to bless, to injure, or to destroy. It is a high position, and carries with it no light responsibility. We are kings and emperors over the lower creation, and it rests with us whether we shall be benevolent rulers, enabling them to develop the highest qualities of which they are capable, or whether we shall be heartless tyrants, forgetful that all created things are our fellow-beings, and as such have a claim on our sympathy."

M'CULLOCH ON TAXATION.*

AFTER an interval of ten years Mr. M'Culloch has published a third edition of his work on "Taxation and the Funding System," which, we believe, originally appeared as an essay in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The intervening decade has been sufficiently fruitful in financial action, and Mr. M'Culloch has carefully noted the changes in our own system of taxation and in those of other countries; but his comments upon them are more often mixed with blame than with praise. He watches the movements of the generation, but he adheres to the generations of the past. The publication of his book is, indeed, a resurrection of almost forgotten thought. The pure Whig who edited the *Scotsman* for so many years has, like Wilkes, "turned to half a Tory;" he croaks disapprobation of Mr. Gladstone's most cherished measures, dislikes the commercial treaty, condemns the abolition of the Paper Duty, laments the impossibility of imposing an export duty on Coal, and even thinks Sir Robert Peel went too far in his reduction of the number of articles in our tariff. Such an exhibition of opinion is not without interest apart from its value as an illustration of the progress of financial principles. Much as we may differ from Mr. M'Culloch's method of thought, we must acknowledge that his remarks are often shrewd and worthy of attention. He occupies in Political Economy much the same position that Mr. Henley fills in politics. It would be idle to expect from either any general view of the subjects they discuss; but it would be as great a blunder to pass by their comments with disdain. The criticism of the empiric often fastens on a blot which the philosophic observer fails to discover. No one should seek in Mr. M'Culloch's book an exposition of the principles

which the financier should endeavour to carry out; but the inquirer into the history of a particular tax will probably find in its appropriate place an account of the occasions on which it has been imposed, the ways in which it has been evaded or enforced, with a tolerably close determination of the limits within which an increase in its rate is accompanied with an increase in its produce.

Almost on the first page of Mr. M'Culloch's book we encounter what he evidently regards as a cardinal doctrine in finance. It makes its appearance repeatedly throughout the volume, and is in truth a leading principle in the mind of the author. Mr. M'Culloch holds that a moderate amount of taxation has the effect of increasing the wealth of a country; the taxpayers, urged by its pressure, redouble their exertions, and their industry, thus stimulated, not only repairs the losses they have sustained, but leaves a surplus in their hands. "It is," says Mr. M'Culloch, using a favourite phrase, "*abundantly certain* that taxes, when judiciously imposed, and not carried to too great a height, occasion an increase of industry and economy, and but rarely encroach on capital. Under these conditions they operate as motives to restrain expense, and as incentives to labour and ingenuity, *their usual effect being to cause the production of more wealth than they abstract.*" In spite of the abundant certainty of the doctrine we should have been glad to have seen it fortified by satisfactory proofs; it does not at first sight seem that the best way to make a man rich is to deprive him of a portion of his earnings. Mr. M'Culloch appears to rely on the growth of the wealth of the United Kingdom during the period between the commencement of the American war and the termination of the French war as an illustration of his favourite principle. A little consideration will show that no such deduction can be made from the fact; it is impossible to say what would have been the growth of our national wealth in the same period if we had not resisted the American demands, and if we had permitted the French Revolution to have run its course; and we cannot, therefore, attribute the increase of wealth which did take place to the taxes imposed upon the nation. A better way to determine the question would be to compare our economic progress in the interval between 1775 and 1815 with that in the interval 1815 to 1855; or, again, to compare the rates of increase of national wealth in two countries of nearly the same physical character, inhabited by the same race, but burdened with different rates of taxation; and whoever will undertake the task will probably find reason to reject Mr. M'Culloch's conclusion. It is to be feared that the remembrance of this opinion will affect the reception of some of Mr. M'Culloch's more certain teaching; he indulges, for example, in some very just strictures on Mr. Gladstone for his rashness in making little or no provision for securing a surplus, but the force of the strictures must be weakened when we remember that their author looks upon taxation as a benefit to mankind.

It is, however, no doubt true that part of the loss occasioned by taxation is recovered by the increased industry of the tax-payer; the back accustoms itself to the burden it has to bear, and man has a persistency in living in spite of many obstacles. It would perhaps be too much to expect a political economist to take into account the effect of taxation in keeping down the numbers of the population. But we might have expected, from one who sees the personal application of taxes so clearly as Mr. M'Culloch does, that he would have escaped from a confusion of language very common to writers on finance. We find him, however, occasionally slipping into the inaccuracy of confounding the fund in respect of which a tax is assessed with the fund from which the tax is paid. Thus, it is objected to a tax assessed upon capital that it tends to destroy the permanent resources of a country, and therefore all taxes should be assessed upon income; but it is sufficiently evident that the objection only applies to taxes which are necessarily paid out of capital. In truth, it can never be properly raised except when the amount of the tax is so great that it exceeds the income of the taxpayer, or at least leaves him a balance too small to support subsistence. A tax may be assessed on the capitalized value of a man's property and income, or it may be assessed on his annual revenue; but it depends upon his own prudence whether his possessions are conserved entire, or whether they are gradually wasted away.

Most economists, or at all events most of those who have fully accepted Mr. Ricardo's theory of rent, have been at some time or other fascinated with the vision of a State deriving all its revenue from the rent of lands reserved as public property. The vision is realized as fully as it ever will be in the East, and attempts were made in one or two of our colonies to obtain some of the benefits. It is creditable to Mr. M'Culloch that he rejects the flattering vision; and far from wishing to establish such an *impôt unique* in new countries, advocates the permanent settlement, if not the absolute sale, of the land-tax in India. His language on this subject is so clear and convincing that we cannot do better than quote it at length:—

"As rent must unavoidably arise in the progress of society, it has sometimes been suggested that it would be good policy for the Governments which are now being established in Australia and America, that have large tracts of fertile and unappropriated land at their disposal, to retain it as public property, letting it in the meantime by auction in such portions and for such numbers of years as may be deemed advisable. . . . This, however, though it would not be unjust, would be a very questionable system of policy. Whatever produce may be obtained, under any circumstances, from the ground is always brought to market, and divided into pretty fair proportions among its inhabitants; and such being the case, the real question is, Which is the method of occupancy best fitted to develop the productive energies of

* Taxation and the Funding System. By J. R. M'Culloch. Third edition. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1863.

the land—to make it supply the greatest quantity of food and other materials? And about this there can be little difficulty. It would be in vain to look, in a country wholly occupied by tenants at will, or tenants holding under leases for reasonable terms of years, for many of those expensive improvements in drainage and planting, and in the construction of houses, roads, bridges, fences, &c., necessary to the comfort of the inhabitants and the full development of the productive powers of the soil. These are works which are effected by those only who are its absolute proprietors, and are able to bequeath it to others. Farmers might, indeed, be encouraged, by increasing the length of leases, to make greater outlays of capital. But, however let, a right of private property in land is the most efficient stimulus to its improvement."

As an inevitable corollary from these sentiments, we find an expression of Mr. McCulloch's opinion that there is little or no prospect of any real improvement in India without an entire change in the present system of holding land, and that a permanent settlement of the land revenue would do much more than anything else that appears practicable to promote the improvement of that country and the wellbeing of its population. Those who hold the contrary views distrust the effects of free action; they think that the inhabitants of a country are better cared for when the central authority cramps their energies in order to relieve them of part of their cares, and they would restrain the energetic and prudent from the occupation and development of the industrial resources of a nation in order that the improvident may escape the consequences of their folly.

Whilst we agree with Mr. McCulloch in rejecting the opinion of those thinkers who would derive the revenue of the State from the rent of reserved lands, we cannot follow him in thinking that the recent progress of our legislation in reducing the number of articles on the tariff has been erroneous. He quotes the passage in Arthur Young's works, made familiar to many by having been cited and approved by the late Sir George C. Lewis when he introduced the Budget of 1857. On that occasion Mr. Gladstone rose to reply to a doctrine which implicitly condemned his own policy and that of Sir Robert Peel, but his reply does not seem to have been conclusive. The gist of the passage in Arthur Young lies in a sentence put by himself in italics:—"If I was to define a good system of taxation, it should be that of bearing lightly on an infinite number of points, heavily on none;" and if for points we read persons, the doctrine may be accepted without reservation. Arthur Young was comparing the system of taxation then prevalent in France and in England, and he rightly determined that the pressure under which France suffered was due to the unequal manner in which the taxes were there raised. The privileged classes were almost exonerated from any share of the public burdens. In England, on the contrary, he saw a highly complex system, bearing with apparent, if not with real equality upon all. The conclusion at which he seems to have arrived, that the complexity of the system was a necessary condition of the equality of burden, was wholly unwarranted. If the taxes which are retained by the Chancellor of the Exchequer be such as do not specially affect any particular class, equality of taxation is secured as much as if a thousand articles remained subject to import duties. Until Mr. McCulloch succeeds in proving to us that our revenue presses now more unequally upon the several classes of tax-payers than it did before Sir Robert Peel began his work of reform in 1842, we shall believe the policy to be right which has struck out of our tariff upwards of a thousand articles, and at the same time reduced the duties upon others without, however, causing any reduction in our Customs' revenue. We are satisfied that Mr. McCulloch would fail if he attempted the proof; indeed, it may be said of a large proportion of the articles removed from the tariff, that their presence there produced no revenue at all, and the duties upon them simply acted as a prohibition of their import. But Mr. McCulloch's strictures extend also to the abolition of Excise duties, and he especially blames the abandonment of the Paper Duty; nor can it be denied that the particular time when that duty was abolished was fixed rather by the exigencies of party than from reasons of State. Our author quotes the language of M. Mezières on the abolition of the Salt Duty by the Provisional Government of Paris in 1848:—

"Je ne crois pas qu'il soit possible de trouver, dans l'histoire parlementaire des nations modernes, un exemple de sacrifice aussi malheureux au besoin de popularité, ou de déférence aussi intempestive aux entraînements d'une opinion factice."

And he adds:—

"Had M. Mezières published his work in 1863 instead of 1853, he would most likely, had he looked to what has latterly been done on this side the Channel, have modified this sentence."

We have not space to examine Mr. McCulloch's remarks on the several taxes which exist in our financial system; we may, however, note that he recommends an extension of the house-tax to houses of lower rental, and he approves Mr. Disraeli's attempt in 1852 to extend it to houses of £10 annual rental, and to double its amount. "No tax could have been proposed more unobjectionable in principle, or better suited to meet the exigencies of the period." Sir Morton Peto, on the other hand, who is at once a builder and a metropolitan Member, describes the same proposal in his book as "very indiscreet;" and it would, no doubt, be exceedingly unpalatable to a large proportion of the electors of Finsbury. Of another tax which is a subject of annual debate, Mr. McCulloch writes:—"The produce of the duty on fire

insurances does not differ very materially from the produce of the late Paper Duty; but there can be no question that it is incomparably the more objectionable of the two;" and he adds that it may be doubted whether insurance should be charged with any duty, but as the tax realises a large sum, and is easily collected, he would only advise its reduction to one-half or one-third its present amount, when "the increase of business would be such that the reduced duty would probably in a few years yield as large a revenue as is derived from the present exorbitant duty."

LIFE IN NATURE.*

It has often been regretted that the marvellous progress of the physical sciences should throw so little light on other branches of speculation. Our knowledge of ourselves does not increase in proportion to our knowledge of external nature. The vast accumulation of facts seems to contribute nothing to the solution of those great questions which have been the life of theological and metaphysical controversies. It is not to be supposed that all scientific inquirers feel this as a difficulty. Many are quite satisfied with the practical applications of the principles they discover. Even of those who aim at something higher the majority are content to wait for time to show the true value of their labours. But there has always been another class, who, feeling the value both of moral and physical studies, continually endeavour to establish a connection between the two. The search for final causes is evidently an attempt of this kind, and so is the theory of archetypal ideas sometimes thought a legitimate development of anatomy. It is as a similar but more ambitious attempt that we regard the work before us. On such a question, the author of "Man and his Dwelling Place" has some right to be heard. The theory on the relation of mind and matter proposed in his former book asserted a claim to originality which was generally admitted. "Life in Nature" is substantially an assertion of the same position, but the line of argument is different. In two respects we think it has been improved. In the first place the book is to some extent autobiographical. The author evidently holds a very strong conviction on the subject, and he here gives us not so much the arguments by which he justifies it as the steps by which it was originally suggested to his own mind. In a question not susceptible of direct proof this is far more valuable. Again, he shows a respect for the facts of science which is no more than they deserve at his hands. His theory is dependent for its very existence on certain conclusions drawn from physiology. Readers of "Man and his Dwelling Place" were often puzzled by finding far more important results attributed to physical researches than any usually ascribed to such a cause, and more sweeping than many scientific men would admit. We here find not only the conclusions stated but also some of the facts on which they are considered to rest.

The outline of Mr. Hinton's argument may be stated thus:—In the first six chapters we have a popular exposition of his views on some physiological questions. The general result of the answers given to these is as follows:—"Not only are the organic and inorganic worlds, which seem so different, truly one, exhibiting the same forces, powers, and laws; but life itself, or that which we have called so, appears a mere result of chemical and mechanical agencies." In the next place a difficulty, or rather a contradiction, is suggested, which will probably occur to many readers:—"By life we do not mean, and we cannot accept as its explanation, any mere results of material laws. Our souls may be over-ridden by demonstrations to this effect, silenced by evidence to which we may not deny assent, but they are not satisfied. . . . Life is a unity, not a group of results; a power, not a mere effect." How is this conflict of the reason and the feelings to be reconciled? The solution proposed is founded on the metaphysical doctrine that we can only know phenomena. It follows from this that the physical world and the forces which govern it cannot actually be as we know them. Our instinctive feelings reveal to us the reality, of which nature, as known by science, is the phenomenon. "It is a living world which we thus perceive under the appearance of passive forces, of chemistry and mechanism." Further consideration of this living world leads us to the conclusion that—"The phenomena of organic life put us in possession of a spiritual fact. And since that life is nothing more than there is through all nature, nature itself must be the phenomenon—or appearance—of the spiritual world."

The author next inquires how it is that the spiritual world appears to us dead or material; and finds the explanation in a corresponding deadness in man. Just as when we are in rapid motion, objects seem to be moving past us: so a defect in man causes him to ascribe a corresponding defect to nature. This is supposed to receive confirmation from the language used by the Bible respecting the spiritual death of man. Not, of course, that by this the Scriptures mean any way of perceiving nature, but that a false mode of perception would be a natural consequence of man's fundamental defect and corruption.

In making some remarks upon the way in which this curious thesis is treated, it will be evidently impossible to enter into the details of the scientific evidence. We could wish that the execution of this part of the book were more scientific and less popular. The

* *Life in Nature*. By James Hinton, Author of "Man and his Dwelling Place." Smith & Elder.

style is generally clear and sometimes remarkably vivid and picturesque. Some of the illustrations, too, are singularly happy. But the author is one who can scarcely be trusted with a good simile—he rides it to death. His favourite comparison of life to the state of tension of a coiled up watch-spring, which occurs on almost every page of the first three chapters, occasionally leads him into vagueness, if not inaccuracy, of statement. The view of life which has now prevailed for many years represents it a state of resistance to chemical affinity. Humboldt expressed this theory in a poetical form in his allegory of the Rhodian genius; though he afterwards rejected it as insufficient. Mr. Hinton's view adds to this an explanation of the force which is supposed to restrain chemical affinity. In accordance with the views of most modern physiologists, he regards the vital energy as a modification of force, comparable to heat or electricity. The peculiar function of this force is nutrition, a process complementary and antagonistic to decomposition. But yet it is from decomposition that the force actually proceeds. The statement of this is on the whole clear and satisfactory; but there seems no necessity for speaking of the manner in which the elements of living bodies are united as distinctly not chemical. It is certainly a condition which oxygen, in decomposition, destroys. On the other hand this is precisely the case with numerous compounds formed in the laboratory, which suffer a similar oxidation, if exposed to the air. It is true that the chemical nature of albumen, for instance, is not yet known, but the difficulties of really accurate analysis are enormous, and after all we are scarcely better acquainted with the constitution of the sugars. Again, Mr. Hinton regards the bodies synthetically formed by Berthelot as truly organic. But yet he speaks of ammonia as formed, on the contrary, by the action of ordinary affinities, forgetting, apparently, that ammonia can only be artificially made by methods quite analogous to the synthetical processes of Berthelot. On the whole, the conclusion that vital force is a modification of physical forces, and that life is a peculiar direction or mode of action of these forces, is generally admitted by physiologists. The origin of the forms of organic bodies is a question on which greater difference of opinion exists. It is treated by Mr. Hinton with much acuteness and originality. His object is to show that the forms of animals and plants are as much the result of physical forces as the curve of a fountain or the outline of a cloud. At first sight the difficulties of such a view may seem very strong. It may appear inconsistent with the evidence both of adaptation to an end and of conformity to a type. But a little consideration will show that neither of these causes excludes a purely physical cause. It is one thing to discern the purpose of a structure and another to trace the causes which produce it. The same is true of the law of conformity to type which is generally called in to explain those cases where a final cause seems to be wanting. Mr. Hinton remarks, truly, as we think, though the truth would not be universally admitted, that no such law can be supposed to exercise any actual formative influence. The stock class of instances is that of rudimentary structures, which serve no actual purpose, but represent useful organs in closely-allied organisms. Believers in types regard these as evidence of an archetypal plan, on which the whole class or group is formed. On the view here proposed, such structures are the result of a physical necessity. A certain amount of material, we may suppose, is supplied to that part of the frame during its development which cannot but be used up in this way. The investigation of such causes is not new to physiology, but it has generally been applied to the residuum of cases in which neither an end nor a type seemed discernible. Still it is plain that however few the proved instances, the principle is one of universal application. Perhaps the greatest danger in such cases lies in assuming a greater simplicity than really exists. Hence, when Mr. Hinton says: "We no sooner grasp the conception than it becomes self-evident," it appears to us that he overlooks the use—nay, even the actual need—of hypotheses, which may or may not prove in the end to be false. He has, however, illustrated his views in such a charming little parable that we cannot resist quoting it:—

"Has the reader ever taught a child to read, or watched the process? If so, he has seen a great fact in miniature; the whole history of science on a reduced scale. For will not the urchin do any conceivable thing rather than look at the book? Does he not, with the utmost assurance, call out whatever letter comes uppermost, whatever word presents to his little imagination the slightest semblance of plausibility? He never looks till he cannot guess any more. Mothers are patient, Heaven be praised; but not so patient as our Great Mother. For when the young rogue, finding it is of no use to guess any more, says, in mock resignation, 'I can't tell,' the maternal indignation will sometimes flash forth. But when we, finding that the mystery of life will not yield to our hypotheses, say, 'We cannot learn it; it is a mystery insoluble,' no sound of impatience or rebuke escapes the calm lips of Nature. Silently, as of old, the great volume is spread out before us year by year. Quietly and lovingly, as at the first, her finger points us to the words, written in tender herb, and stately tree, and glowing flower; ever to our hearts repeating her simple admonition, 'Look.' She knows we shall obey her when the time is come."

It cannot be said that the arguments for this theory of living forms amount to demonstration. Granting it to be true for a certain number of instances, its extension to all rests rather on analogy than on inference. It may indeed fairly be said that this is the tendency of science; but it is not safe to trust much to a mere tide of opinion. The march of science is often a countermarch.

Facts which look towards one quarter of the moral horizon to-day may have a quite opposite direction to-morrow.

The principal objection suggested to this conclusion is that it does not satisfy a poetical view of Nature. Some part of this difficulty depends on an ambiguous use of the word life. As the author distinctly guards himself from the suspicion of confounding moral and physical life, we conclude he is speaking of the latter solely when he says that to reduce life to the result of chemical and mechanical forces "disappoints the intellect and makes a discord in the soul;" but the language would be quite strong enough if he were speaking of moral life. The feeling of disappointment no doubt exists, but we are not sure that it will bear all the weight which is laid upon it. For instance, it might shock our moral sensibilities to be told that a rose was the result of chemical forces—a complicated product of the decomposition of carbonic acid. Still, however prosaic the conclusion might seem, it would not place the rose below the rainbow or the mountain. If chemical or mechanical forces in these simple forms cause wonder and emotion, why should we be reluctant to admit that the same forces in more complex forms may be the source of the beauty and complexity of vegetable life? It is plain that mere complexity cannot essentially alter the case; nor need the precision of vegetable forms have any higher meaning than the symmetry of crystals. The same reasoning applies to the animal world, so far as it is unlike ourselves; but the apparent voluntariness of animals is a real difficulty, and one to which Mr. Hinton has not even alluded. The hypothesis which seems best to suit his purpose is that of Descartes, who regarded animals as automata set in motion by physical stimuli. The great objection to this notion is that animals not only seem to be capable of choice, but certainly, unless Nature treats us with bitter irony, call forth and return our affection. If these higher qualities really depend on their physical organization, it is hard to see why the principle should not be extended to ourselves; and the opinion that our moral nature springs from our physical, Mr. Hinton clearly repudiates. Nevertheless, it would supply the strongest and perhaps the only valid ground of his theory. To throw the weight of human intellect and feeling on organic life, and thus on physical forces, would immensely enhance the discrepancy which is an essential part of the argument. Nor does it seem to us that any lower antithesis is sufficient for the purpose. The "great gulf" is not between the organic and inorganic, but between the natural and spiritual. Supposing for a moment that materialism were proved, such a belief as this would be most valuable, if not necessary. But till that happens, we cannot see that sufficient cause is shown for so complete an inversion of all our feelings and conceptions. If any one should think that Mr. Hinton has already carried the process of negation too far, it is only fair to point out that he expresses with enthusiasm the sentiments on which such an objection would be founded. We cannot do better than let him defend himself:—

"In perusing these pages, the reader, especially if unaccustomed to similar studies, will possibly experience more or less of a feeling as if he were losing hold of something that he could not afford to part with. He may feel that there is a tendency in them to materialize that which he cannot but regard as altogether above matter, and to reduce to the level of mechanism that which owes its chief beauty to its freedom from mechanical conditions. If so, let him by all means cherish this feeling. He could by no possibility more entirely depart from the spirit of the book than by seeking to suppress it, or in any way to diminish its force. No one more firmly or more reverently than myself believes in the authority of feelings of this character; it is chiefly because I believe also that they can receive their perfect satisfaction only through modes of thinking such as are here set forth that I attach any value to the thoughts. But, in truth, the course through which I solicit the reader to follow me is of a twofold character. I beg a relinquishment in order to a fuller possession; a giving up as the condition of a more abundant having."

We fear we have already incurred the censure of "departing from the spirit of the book;" and space warns us that we must soon leave it altogether. It would be improper to do so without acknowledging the skill and candour with which Mr. Hinton has treated his difficult theme. Poetical language and a wonderful fund of ingenious similes do not obscure the solid foundation of thought. A passage depicting the results believed to flow from recognising the spiritual world in nature may be quoted as a good example of his style:—

"Thus Nature which is so full of undefined yet mighty spiritual significance, while it is yet not understood; which impresses our senses, and our hearts through them, with dim foreshadowings and glimmerings of the holiest things;—nature which is thus vaguely spiritual to our sensuous feeling, and which for that reason appeals to us so strongly through it, and is so dear to us;—which the poet sees flowing with springs of living water through every pore, yet half suspects them to be but the mirage of his own longing eye—seen according to the strict laws of science is richer still with spiritual meaning. The indistinct and half-doubting emotion of delight and awe expands itself into the clear apprehension of a spiritual order, and rises into an infinite and confiding joy. Rooted in a new and richer soil, the tree of our delight spreads out its branches in a sunnier air."

On the whole it may be said that the superstructure of Mr. Hinton's theory is rather too large for its base. He builds a towering speculation on a foundation of hints and fragments—on the tendency of science, the analogy of nature, and the vague teaching of

sentiment. It is quite possible that the progress of inquiry may develop some of these hints into solid results; but the time does not seem yet come for attempting to reconcile them. The lines of investigation must be carried out further before it can be seen even in what direction they converge. In the mean time the wisest course may be to suspend our judgment.

SHAKESPEARE-CHARACTERS.*

MR. CLARKE needed no apology for printing his lectures on "The Subordinate Characters in the Plays of Shakespeare," revised and remodelled as we find them in the volume before us. They carry their author's justification along with them; for though we may not assent to all his views on the minor characters of the dramatist, we cannot deny him the merit of an intelligent examination of them, and a loving devotion to the lesser creations of that extraordinary man. It would be difficult, indeed, for any writer either to exhaust such a subject, or to advance such a criticism upon it as would be free from objection, not necessarily arising from his erroneous view, but more probably from the fact that the subordinate characters of Shakespeare, as well as the principal ones, are such veritable men and women, that we judge them almost as we judge one another, forming our opinion according to our notion of what, under their circumstances, they should have said or done. In other words, Shakespeare does not merely give us one side of his characters. He infuses into them so much being that we can take them out of the circumstances in which he has placed them, and form a clear opinion of how they would have spoken and acted in a different position. Thus the gravedigger in "Hamlet," though he appears only in one scene, and has the petty task of digging a grave, is a psychological study. We can hardly fail to fill up the rest of his life; not because he is what has been called "suggestive," but because his whole mind is developed either by his own language or the comments of Hamlet and Horatio. Bottom, again, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," indicates at once, by a few touches of the master hand, what manner of man he is. Hear what Mr. Clarke says of him and Peter Quince:—

"Bully Bottom, the epitome of all the conceited donkeys that ever strutted and straggled on this stage of the world. In his own imagination equal to the performance of anything separately, and of all things collectively; the meddler, the director, the dictator. He is for dictating every movement, and directing everybody—when he is not helping himself. He is a choice arabesque impersonation of that colouring of conceit which, by the half-malice of the world, has been said to tinge the disposition of actors, as invariably as the rouge does their cheeks. Peter Quince, although the delegated manager of the company, fades into a shadow, a cipher, a nonentity before him; for the moment Peter announces the commencement of proceedings with, 'Is all our company here?'—in darts first tragedian, Bottom, 'You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.' And when Quince does produce the scroll, the other instantly proposes something else. It is interesting to follow out this feature in Bottom's character—a perfect variety in the 'class' 'bumptiousness,' ranging under the general 'order' 'conceit.' Our 'first tragedian' then interrupts the manager with: 'First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so, grow to a point.' And no sooner, again, does Quince proceed to read the title of the play, than Bottom bursts in with his comment: 'A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry,'—merry!—it was high tragic in their estimation. And then he instantly resumes his dictation: 'Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.' His own name coming first, he promptly replies: 'Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.' His part is the chief point. And when the part of Pyramus, the lover's part, is assigned to him, he announces that the audience 'must look to their eyes; for that he will move storms'—'he will condole in some measure.' Great, however, as Mr. Bottom professes to be in the lover's vein, his 'chief humour (he declares) is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely; or a part to tear a cat in; to make all split.' Then he will play Thisbe—the heroine—if he may hide his face; and he will 'speak in a monstrous little voice.' Then he will play the lion: 'Let me play the lion, too. I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me. I'll roar, that I'll make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again! Let him roar again!'' What an amusing caricature of self-esteem! The idea of a man pluming himself on the possibility of being encored in a roar. But the roaring is objected to, for that it would frighten the ladies; and that were enough to hang every mother's son of them. But when is true conceit ever put to a nonplus?—and so with our friend Bottom. Like a Chinese tumbler, however you may thrust him from his centre, he instantly regains his position; he is equal to all contingencies, and, therefore, he answers the objection to the roaring by the amendment, that he will so 'aggravate his voice, that he will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove; he will 'roar you an 'twere any nightingale.' Nothing is proposed, but an amendment comes from Professor Bottom. Quince says: 'We will have a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six; that is, in alternate lines of eight and six feet. 'No, make it two more (rejoins the dictator); let it be written in eight and eight.' What a happy example of opposition for opposition's sake; for Quince's was the better plan.

"Peter Quince, by the way, displays the part of an experienced manager, in tickling the conceit of his first trout-tragedian, and moulding it to his purpose when he declares, 'You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweetface man: a proper man, as we

shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.'"

Mr. Clarke has not confined himself to the subordinate characters, but as these are less noticeable to the million, and as they are necessary to fill up the measure of our wonder at the extraordinary insight into human nature which Shakespeare possessed, they form the most interesting portions of his book. We have all a tolerably clear notion of the characters of Macbeth and his wife. Both are clearly and elaborately defined, and by their stupendous importance overshadow all others in the play. Regarding them people are apt to overlook the fine working out of the minor characters; and this the more readily as they have mostly drawn their impressions from stage representation. We have never, for instance, seen the meaning of Shakespeare represented by actors who have played the parts of Macduff and Malcolm, in the scene in which the former receives the news of the murder of his wife and children by Macbeth. Yet this scene is quite as subtle as that in which Iago commences his work of rousing Othello's jealousy against Cassio. We cannot read Mr. Clarke's examination of this wonderful dialogue without feeling how much fitter, with all their dramatic power, are Shakespeare's plays for the closet than the stage. The third-rate actor who "goes on" for Malcolm is not to be expected to enter into the psychology of his part, especially as, ten to one, he thinks that, if merit had its due, he should play Macbeth. We have often wished that one of our great actors, when we had such things, would have devoted a season to the performance of the subordinate characters of Shakespeare in order to set a model to his inferior brethren of how they should be acted. We have indeed seen Mr. Phelps, the only great actor left us, in Macduff. But Macduff is not, at least in the first portion of this scene, the principal character. The predominance of mind is with the young prince, who is closely scrutinizing the Thane's sincerity in his offer of assistance against the usurper of the Crown. The contrast between the honest adherent and the wary Prince is elaborated with wonderful skill; but we have never seen it brought out upon the stage. The same remark is applicable to many other portions of this great work. In the sleep-walking scene, we see nothing but Lady Macbeth. Yet the dialogue between the doctor and the gentlewoman is conceived with equal art, and with equal knowledge and discrimination of character:—

"Shakespeare knew that courtly serving-women hear, see, and say nothing; and in such a court as that of Macbeth, an attendant would scarcely be over-confidential. The whole of this scene is a masterpiece of natural effect; the first two or three sentences of which will be sufficient to confirm my previous remark. The curiosity of the Doctor,—who is, moreover, a court-doctor, and characteristically inquisitive—and the cool reserve of the waiting-woman, are, in their respective vocations and habits, both edifying. The Doctor says:—

"I have watched two nights with you, but can perceive no truth in your report.

"Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

"Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effect of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

"Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

"Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

"Gent. Neither to you, nor to any one, having no witness to confirm my speech."

"Such points as these, interwoven with the tissue of the plots of his plays, produce that harmonious proportion mentioned in my introduction; and which we may vainly seek, in equal proportion, from any other dramatic writer."

Though Mr. Clarke's main object is to point out the evidences of the "harmonious proportion" of which he here speaks, his book may be taken as an admirable comment on the principal plays of Shakespeare. It will guide ordinary students to beauties which they would probably miss, and will train him to hunt out others for himself. Apart from this, he will learn from Mr. Clarke in what spirit he should approach such a study, and how almost inexhaustible are its pleasures.

THE CREAM OF A LIFE.*

THIS is a clever and entertaining book, in which the writer, who is evidently entitled to call himself a man of the world, narrates his personal experience of life, but with what veracity as to the facts detailed he leaves us in doubt. It matters little, however, whether the very incidents in these volumes occurred to him or not. They belong clearly to the performances which make up the staple of personal history in actual life, unaided by any drafts on the imagination, and intermingled with such comments upon men and manners as we might expect from a writer who adds the polish of education to the experience of years. Perhaps there is no life without a spice of romance in it. Any one who has lived beyond his teens has something to tell us of his doings which is worth hearing. There are passages even in our schooldays that may be rendered interesting; how, for instance, the bully of his form, after trying the

* Shakespeare-Characters; chiefly those subordinate. By Charles Cowden Clarke. Smith, Elder, & Co.

* The Cream of a Life. By a Man of the World. Three vols. Bentley.

patience of some meek and peace-loving boy too far, was thrashed by him, and drew in his horns from that day forth. Nay, is not youth the season of romance, of poetry, and love; and which of us has passed through it without feeling their emotions. If we can relate them as we felt them, we shall have produced from a single model what the professed novelist culls from many. This, then, is all that is wanting to make the narrative of any life more or less interesting. Grant such a power to a man who has lived in the society of rank and genius; who has had access to the great centres of life, political, military, literary, to say nothing of the world of fashion, which always commands an Englishman's veneration; let him be able to describe vividly what he has seen, and there is no fear of the result. The book may not please those morbid readers who delight in sensation; but it will win the approbation of those whose praise a man of intellect will value.

Such a book is the one before us. Without the air of fiction, it has all its charm. The love of Gerald Osmanby for Mary Conyers wins us quite as much as any professed love-story. She is a beautiful, ingenuous, and sensible girl; he frank, manly, and faithful; and we follow the course of their love with an anxiety which makes us open the next volume as eagerly as if the author's object had been to keep us in suspense, and he had employed all his skill for that purpose. Perhaps he has; but if so, he has concealed it, for there is nothing in their story that is not occurring every day. The episode of Miss Ruggles, which calls forth the generosity of Mary's noble heart, in one of the happiest and most natural bursts of feeling we have ever read, is full of humour and probability. The nearest approach to fiction, the reconciliation of George Osmanby with the wife from whom he has been separated for ten years, romantic as it is, is brought about by an event rare, it is true, but perfectly natural and intensely interesting. If few of these things happened in the life of which the author professes to present us with the cream, he has kept so close to reality that we cannot distinguish between the true and the false. But, apart from the interest of his narrative, we trace in every page the hand of a writer who is not only a man of the world, but a gentleman. Here and there we have passages which undoubtedly reflect what he has actually seen. The state of the House of Commons at the time of the Reform Bill is a true picture. We have also occasional glimpses of celebrities whose personal appearance is fast fading from recollection. The writer expresses the disappointment he felt on first seeing O'Connell:—

"It must be admitted that nothing short of commanding talent and a peculiar aptitude for working on the minds and feelings of the masses could have created or sustained the popularity of a democratic leader, in a scratch wig so utterly uncouth and disfiguring as that with which O'Connell concealed and degraded the cranial development for which he was indebted to nature. Nor was there, according to my recollection of the great Agitator, anything in the character or details of his countenance to mitigate the effect of the 'jasey' by which it was surmounted. His features were wholly deficient in dignity and impressiveness; and the good-humoured, easy-going kind of look which they usually wore presented a singular, and to my mind, almost laughable contrast to the qualities of mind and temperament exhibited in his untiring public career. His portly and burly figure seemed more suited to a prosperous and self-indulgent alderman, pleasantly engrossed by the material enjoyments commonly associated with our ideas of that species of municipal distinction, than to the restless votary of political excitement, every hour of whose existence was more or less devoted to the interests of patriotism, the struggles of party, or the intrigues of faction."

Turning to another Irish celebrity on an infinitely smaller scale mentally and physically, he gives us a sketch of Lady Morgan, with whom he was well acquainted:—

"I doubt whether, in the whole range of my social experience, I could find another individual from whose society I have derived the same amount of amusement. Certainly there is no one who ever enforced such seemingly inconsistent, and all but contradictory claims on the attention of those who are partial to conversational excitement. So singular a compound of genius and frivolity, of wit and absurdity, of manly vigour of thought and ultra-feminine vanity and affectation, of out-of-the-way knowledge and exceptional ignorance, may be sought for in vain in the present generation, and cannot fairly be expected to exhibit itself twice in a century. It was, doubtless, to this rare combination of conflicting elements in her character that she was indebted for a social position equally abnormal. While ostentatiously professing the philosophic independence of an advanced liberal, a devotee of literature, and an *esprit fort*, she exhibited an adoration of rank and fashion as intense and eager as can well be found within the wide expanse of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic *kyriolatry*; and it was her fortune to achieve social triumphs of the most intoxicating description in the opposite characters of a democrat and tuft-hunter.

"Worshipped by coxcombical infidels and seedy republicans in France and Italy, she was not less the idol of orthodox peeresses and other aristocratic fine ladies in England and Ireland. Nor was this social popularity with the 'top-sawyers' (to use her own favourite word) of her own country confined to the Whig or Liberal section of the great world. While enjoying the homage of those to whom her eloquent vituperation of their political opponents afforded a pungent excitement, she numbered among her warmest admirers and most attached friends many who held her sham republican theories and genuine religious latitudinarianism in utter abhorrence."

There is also a personal reminiscence of the Duke of Wellington, worth quoting if we had room for it. We leave our readers to read it for themselves.

When we have objected that the author sometimes uses a

sentence where a word would suffice, and that now and then we should like some traces of egoism in the hero away, we may add that we have no other fault to find with his volumes. We have read them with pleasure; and hope that he has not completely skimmed his life, but that there may be cream enough left for three volumes more. We have but faintly indicated the stores of entertainment which his present work contains. Gerald's interview with Lady Chetworth, when he suddenly becomes enthusiastic in the cause of Poland, and, hoping to meet Mary Conyers at the Polish ball, applies to her ladyship for a voucher, is full of playful wit; and shows a power either of creating or describing character rarely seen. Indeed, this talent is evident throughout the book, and whether we regard it as an autobiography or a fiction, or a compound of both, we are struck by its truth to nature, the shrewdness of its comments, and the healthy vigorous tone which pervades it.

THE American Annual Cyclopædia, published by Appleton & Co., of New York, includes all the prominent events of the year—political, civil, military, and social; biographies, obituaries, and notices of distinguished men; and commercial and scientific statistics. An article on army operations contains copious notes on the war.

CATALOGUES of all the maps, plans, and other publications of the Ordnance Survey of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, issued up to June last, have been published by Sir Henry James.

MADemoiselle PATTI has made an engagement with the Italian Opera at Paris for the next season.

A HISTORY of Constantinople in Turkish, bearing the title of "Heiyet Sabika Kostantaniya," has been lately published, and contains, in addition to a history of the city, a description of the places of interest in and around it.

M. THIERS, it is said, is preparing a pamphlet, which will be called "L'Autriche et ses Reformes."

FINE ARTS.

HOLIDAY ART.—THE COLOSSEUM.

SCIENCE at the Polytechnic requires the aid of ghosts, music, and drums; and art at the Colosseum is enlivened by songs, recitations, and bands. Dioramas, cycloramas, and theatrical scenery, although painted for the gratification of holiday folk, are not the less works of art, and high art too. The Colosseum, with all its strange history, commenced with decided success, and notwithstanding the heavy loss said to have been incurred by Braham the singer during his lease, it is very doubtful if at any period it has ever failed to be profitable, even while in his hands. Mr. Hornor, its projector, was a land-surveyor at York, who conceived the idea of making surveys of landed estates in a pictorial, bird's-eye view kind of style, which he called "pictorial surveying." His making in this way a "survey" of Marshalls, the seat of the memorable absconding banker, Stephenson, delighted that person, and created the friendship between them; or, rather, he did not make the pictorial effect that gave him the key to the banker's purse, for the camera-lucida sketches Mr. Hornor took were transmitted by him to some eminent members of the Old Water-colour Society, and were elaborated by them into exquisite drawings. To Hornor it mattered not, however, who did the work so long as he got the credit. A Quaker professedly, he was in reality a compound of Barnum and Nash,—as great a dandy as the one and as great a humbug as the other; but his "pictorial surveying" continuing to possess him, he issued, in 1823, a prospectus to obtain subscribers for engraving two views of London from the summit of St. Paul's. The engravings were never produced; but some one having suggested one day a big panorama of London, he thought it a capital idea; and determined to do it; and by the help of Stephenson, the theatrical banker, and Grissell and Peto, the great contractors, and of some one else, of whom we shall presently speak, an artist, he did it at a cost that nobody knows. Everything was superlative with the Yorkshire surveyor; even the camera-lucida he sketched with must be like that of no other man, and he had it specially adapted by Carey to a telescope. To have taken the view from the dome of St. Paul's was too lowly for the dandy Quaker architect. Blondin at six feet from the ground would not be the Blondin walking over the falls of Niagara or the Blondin at a hundred feet over the fountains at the Crystal Palace. Even the summit of the cross itself was not elevated enough for him, and so he had a scaffold of two storeys especially erected above it, and in a little sentry-box raised by ropes above the highest pinnacle Mr. Hornor is supposed to have worked from early dawn to setting sun, "imperilled by gusts of wind which blew away the planks, and rendered it impossible for a person to stand on the scaffold without clinging for support against the framework, the creaking and whistling of the timbers at such times resembling those of a ship labouring in a storm." What Mr. Hornor did at the top of St. Paul's we will not vouch for, but an honest and able artist, Mr. E. T. Parris, painted the great picture of "London by Day," extending over 40,000 square feet of canvas, with such care, such pains, and such accuracy, that not only from every point of view do the streets and houses seem to extend like a real city, but an opera-glass or telescope may be used to detect familiar objects in the far and hazy distance. On the 26th of December, 1828,

Rowland Stephenson, the banker, was missing, and shortly afterwards it became known that he had absconded. This defection of Stephenson caused a demand upon Hornor for the expenses of the Colosseum, and within a fortnight it was opened, before the picture was completed; but on the 10th of February Hornor was obliged to follow his absent patron.

"On Wednesday last," says the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th January, 1829, "that extraordinary and magnificent building, the Colosseum, was opened to the public;" and, unfinished as it and its great picture were, the "rush" to see it was enormous, and unequalled by anything in the theatrical world from that day to this. Although the tickets of admission were sold at a guinea for four persons, upwards of 10,000 visited it in the first three days, and in the first four years of its existence the profits realized were over £40,000. Through many vicissitudes the Colosseum, with its wonderful picture, has lasted down to our day as one of the sights of London. On the absconding of Hornor, Mr. Parris naturally left off work; but on the 2nd March he again proceeded with his labours for the trustees of Mr. Hornor's creditors, and finished his panorama on the 29th November, 1829, a special letter by the trustees being sent to him, to testify their satisfaction with the picture, and his honourable conduct in its execution. Such, then, is the history of the great picture of London, now somewhat dimmed by time and accidents, but still a wonderful object to those who understand perspective, colour, chiaroscuro, and other intricacies of the science of picture-painting, and a mysterious and marvellous vision to the uninitiated. The great picture has been commonly asserted to have been made from Mr. Hornor's sketches, but the real merit and credit of the painting belong exclusively to Mr. Parris.

But however glorious the result as a picture, the chief interest to an inquiring and intelligent mind rests in the indomitable perseverance and intelligence of the painter in conquering the difficulties of perspective, in obtaining decisive atmospheric effects, and in devising mechanical means for getting access to its various parts. To understand the difficulties in the perspective alone, it must be borne in mind that the canvas of the panorama is hung in a circle, or rather lines the inside of a vast cylinder. Now a straight line drawn on a flat surface of course is a straight line, but if the same straight line on a sheet of paper were pasted horizontally on the inside of a cylinder, it would immediately appear to the eye as a curve, and if placed diagonally in various ways the apparent curves will vary with every position, and not only with every position, but in themselves also according to the angle at which they traverse the inner face of the cylinder; the curve gradually diminishing from one end of the line to the other. Any one may see this by looking at the edge of a sheet of paper against a wall, and then bending it and looking at it in various positions. The moment the edge of the paper is bent, although it is still the same line it appears to the eye as a curve. Every apparent straight line, then, in the picture of London is really a *different* curve, and when we gaze on the thousands upon thousands of roofs, walls, windows, doors, palings, bars, boards, and other objects composed of straight lines, each and every one of which has had to be reduced to its *special* and *proper* curve, we get the first idea of Mr. Parris's skill. The sketch shown by Mr. Hornor, which is still in existence, is wholly in straight lines, and ruled over by equal squares of an inch each way. Now, supposing Mr. Parris to have worked entirely from Mr. Hornor's sketches, the ordinary draughtsman would consider he had only to enlarge the squares on the great picture's canvas so many times, and then to draw in the respective portions of the view. Not so, however, in practice. The farther off from the eye, the longer become the squares, or rather the squares on the paper have to be transformed into parallelograms on the canvas, each now getting more and more elongated towards the base of the picture, which is the most distant part of it from the eye when seen from the gallery level with the horizon of the picture. Now, Mr. Hornor had never thought of this natural perspective, and simply multiplying the squares in inches on his drawing into feet for the squares on his walls, had built his building accordingly, consequently the canvas was too short for the picture; the squares on the canvas could not be uniformly reduced in size, because, if they had, although it would have made the canvas right as to height, it would have made two ends to the panorama, with a blank space of wall between them, instead of a junction. So the artist was left to get over this by an additional difficulty of foreshortening as best he might, and how successfully he has done it the picture shows. Then came another difficulty. Artists and architects assume an artificial basis for delineating on a straight line rows of houses, walls, and such-like, when presented on a horizontal level in front of the spectator. If we look at a straight line of buildings before us, we cannot see the whole of them at once, while it is evident, by turning our head, that the further away from us the ends of the line of buildings are, the smaller the buildings there must look to the eye. This is ordinarily all set at nought, and the houses all of a row are put before us. Now the horizon is naturally a curve, a segment of a circle, and if one line of houses were continued in a straight line along the surface of the earth itself, it is evident the line would diminish each way until it cut the horizon at two points. Now if we make on a flat surface a straight line for a circular horizon, it is evident we must make a curve vanishing up to it instead of a straight line of houses. This curve is so grand, that the substitution of a straight line for a small portion in ordinary pictures is not apparent. But that which is not detectable in a small picture, becomes glaring on

the enormous scale of "London by Day;" and, moreover, the curvature of the great cylinder of the Colosseum rendered necessary similar modifications of delineation for such vanishing lines, to those which have been pointed out as requisite for merely straight ones. The light in the picture is painted from a point of sunlight on one side, from which the shadows in all directions fall away. Even the painting of the sky was not without difficulty, for the very form of the dome, the illumination coming from its top, caused a shadow through its central zone between the skylight and the horizon of the picture, which had to be counteracted in the colouring. Much more that is interesting might be told of the manipulation of this picture, but we shall have said enough to show how much and in what remarkable respects it differs from the many beautiful dioramas and theatrical drop-scenes painted on flat surfaces, with which we are now so familiar; and these distinctions and difficulties, so little, if at all, known by the public, are the very points that render the Colosseum picture most especially worthy of description and praise. If Mr. Parris had had any pioneer, his success would not have been surprising; but, alone and unaided, he had to find out and put into execution the laws of that special perspective required for this intricate work. Let any one look at the Post-office as represented by him, and he will scarcely believe, if he do not deny, our positive assertion that there is not a straight line in it from beginning to end, and that every line has a distinct and particular curve. The last difficulty Mr. Parris had was a curious one. We ought to have said that the difficulty of getting the right curves to substitute for straight lines was increased by a singular, but very natural occurrence. The canvas must, of course, be strained tight for the painter, and necessarily, at top and bottom, by what we may term two inner hoops, an upper and a lower one. Now, its tension between them could not possibly be as great as it was where they held it strained and fast; the canvas consequently bellied inwards, like the weak sides of a drum or the constriction of an hour-glass; and although this was not more than eighteen inches, it still necessitated additional and considerable modifications of the curves. The canvas from this same cause naturally bent back at the top towards the wall of the building, and materially interfered with the pictorial junction of the picture itself with the dome on which the sky was painted. In other words, earth and air would not meet together without a great gap between them. This Mr. Parris has bridged over partly by lathing and plastering the dome down to the picture, and partly by carrying a film of thin canvas alike over the connecting plastering and the picture. Of his mechanical arrangements we do not speak; his ingenious contrivance for repainting Thornhill's dilapidated pictures in the dome of St. Paul's have made his mechanical ability everywhere known. Neither do we dwell on Mr. Buckland's witty entertainment—the panorama of Lisbon, the Stalactite Cave, the "Tête Noire," Swiss Cottage and Waterfall, the Conservatory, Mr. Fisher's "Facts and Fancies," the conjurings, and the other agreeable amusements offered by the present energetic management, have each their special merits, and all a general and praiseworthy one of an entire freedom from that obsecenity too often now-a-days a characteristic feature in popular entertainments. In "Paris by Night" we have a panoramic view of the French capital as it was in the revolutionary days of 1848, and on this account, as well as its own artistic merit, it is very interesting. It was painted, as was "Lisbon," by Danson and Sons; and the clever means by which it is daily, or rather nightly, hung in front of the "Panorama of London" was devised, we believe, by Mr. Brown when assistant to Mr. Bradwell, and who for twenty years has been the respected machinist of the Colosseum. Our object has not been to describe the entertainments, but to point out the real wonders of the wonderful picture, which we hear is having its last season in our metropolis.

SCIENCE.

BRAY'S TRACTION-ENGINE—THE NEW JACK OF ALL WORK.

THERE is a limit to the physical powers of man, but, apparently, there is none to the conceptions of his mind and the works of his hand. Indeed, we see day by day that he is surrounding himself with more Titanic creations; and it has often struck us that the time will come when he will be beaten by the mighty engines he constructs. If the reader has ever seen the department of the Arsenal at Woolwich in which the boilers for the steamships of war are stored, he will be able to appreciate the difficulty we mention. As the might of our iron navy increases, the size of the motive power increases also, until at length we find ourselves surrounded by the appliances of giants rather than of men. These steam-boilers, for instance, are, on an average, as large as a good-sized cottage, and their weight is proportionately enormous, yet such structures have to be moved about from place to place, lifted in and lifted out of ships, and conveyed for miles as though they were simply bricks passed from hand to hand. If we look again at the limbs of the mighty engines these boilers are required to move, we are equally struck at the pigmy force of man in comparison. The main shaft of the *Achilles* iron-clad we saw

in the International Building, the gigantic girders for railway-bridges we sometimes see straining the hearts out of a whole squadron of horses as they creak slowly along upon their ponderous wains,—all these are evidences of the Franksteins we are building up and the motions of which we seem so impotent to control. It may be said, we have the steam-engine to supplement our efforts; but that is not sufficient; we want a giant that will follow us about like a dog—a tireless agent that can go where man can and can work where he works. Have we not horse-power to any extent? says the reader. Yes; but our requirements have outgrown the power of draught animals, at least in the narrow streets and roads of cities and towns. If the reader only considers for a moment the sharp turns that must occur in transferring heavy pieces of machinery from one part of town to another, he will see that a long string of horses sometimes work at a fearful disadvantage; indeed, when a street has to be turned at right angles, it must be clear that at times the whole weight of the draught is thrown upon the two shaft horses. Such a limited power of transport puts us in the position of Robinson Crusoe with his unwieldy canoe, which he had not power to get to the water. It is very observable, however, that a great want in this country does not go long unsupplied, and two or three years ago Bray's traction engine entered into the field of labour, and is now so far perfected that it has got rid of the old difficulty about transport for ever. Last year it did most of the heavy carriage of machinery to the Exhibition, and the public are pretty familiar with the appearance of the powerful steam tug that moved so noiselessly along our streets and carried, apparently without effort, loads of between thirty and forty tons. But it is in the Dockyard at Woolwich, where it has been at work since the beginning of the year, that the full capabilities of this locomotive power have been brought out. It is, in fact, the Jack of all work of the yard, and, like the elephant's trunk, nothing is too light or too heavy, too delicate or too ponderous, for its powers.

Perhaps the oddest among the many very odd creatures found in Australia is the animal called the ornithorhynchus, which appears to be a mixture of the duck, the beaver, and the mole; and the traction engine, constructed according to the order of the dockyard authorities, and now at work there, is about as strange a medley of half-a-dozen machines having apparently totally diverse functions. Independently of its traction power—its main employment—it is fitted up as a steam derrick, as a fixed engine to turn the shafting in the workshops, and as a capstan to haul the ships about the docks; and finally, it is now used as a very powerful steam fire-engine, capable of throwing a jet to the top of the highest ship-building sheds; in short, it can do anything, the dockyard labourers declare, short of talking, and that it can do, after its own fashion, with its steam whistle. When we saw it at work it was removing a huge marine boiler from among the scores of similar monsters stored in the dépôt. It seemed a marvel how such a bulk of iron could be started at all; but by the use of tackles and blocks it was first hauled clear of others, and then having been lifted by jacks on to the travelling truck, the engine moved off with its load—like an ant removing a grain of corn ten times as big and heavy as itself—along the narrow tracks, in and out the timber and other impediments in its way; round the various docks, without noise or friction, the great load progressed until it finally reached its destination. The weight of the boiler was about eight-and-twenty tons, which, together with that of the truck and engine, made a total of forty-three tons; nevertheless it went smoothly over the yard, and, in consequence of its broad wheels, made even less mark upon the paving than would a score of straining horses with their hoofs flashing fire. As an instance of the odd jobs it is put to do, we may mention that a particular balk of oaken timber being wanted from the middle of a stack, an immense number of labourers were told off to haul it out. After many efforts, however, they gave it up, when the engine, happening to pass on other work, the driver volunteered to get it out—a work done almost as speedily as the pulling out of a double-tooth, an operation it somewhat resembled, inasmuch as the balk of timber was very irregular in form, and must have required an awful tug to extract it from the stack. When any steamer requires any repairs to her screw, this handy jack of the yard goes down to the edge of the dock, fits up its derrick apparatus, and in a few minutes the huge blades of the screw are lifted on to the quay wall. This kind of work is varied sometimes by unloading timber from the ship's side, and taking it to the stack; or with her capstan-head she lifts the heavy chain cables from the holds of the men-of-war; and when the other labourers have done their work, and the huge stationary engine of the yard is at rest for the day, the traction-engine comes up, plants herself firmly in the shop where motive power is required for over-work,

the band is slipped over her driving-drum, and immediately the whole machinery of a department is at work. She is constantly thus employed in the armour-plate shed, and in consequence of the small expense at which she is worked, compared with the large stationary engine, an immense saving accrues to the public service.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting feature of the traction-engine is the arrangement by which she is enabled to climb hills which horses with heavy loads could not attempt, and not only to climb but to descend with equal facility. In order to accomplish this, the driving wheels are fitted with a mechanical arrangement which acts like a cat's-claw, in seizing or taking firm hold of the ground. These talons are projected through the rim of the wheel, and are withdrawn with a feathering action like that of a paddle-wheel at the moment they act as an obstruction; they simulate, in fact, the sheathing action of the cat's-claw, clearing themselves, at every rotation of the wheel, of the clogging soil. The engine is capable of ascending gradients as steep as one in six, and she has several times been seen, to the astonishment of the townspeople, conveying a 68-pounder gun, weighing 112 cwt., down the Plumstead-road, over the steep acclivity of Burrage-hill, and returning by the descent of Sandy-hill to the Arsenal; a feat which, it is needless to say, horses could not have accomplished. On Woolwich-common, moreover, she manoeuvres with three of these ponderous 68-pounders with an astonishing facility. The wheels of the traction-engine are so broad that they do no damage to the ordinary road, and they run without sinking in marshy land and on loose ground where ordinary waggons would sink beyond reclaim. The ordinary pace of the engine, when carrying a load over broken ground, is about three miles an hour, but she will run at the rate of ten miles an hour; and it has been proved that she has been capable of drawing over a good road as great a weight as a hundred tons. This speed and power of traction, and the low cost at which she works, the expense for the coke not being more than two-and-sixpence per day, point to the great adaptability of the traction-engine for lines of metropolitan tramway or to lines running between towns incapable of supporting a railway with its expensive rolling-stock. The engine moves so noiselessly that, if one were constructed specially to run in our streets, no horses would be frightened by it, and it may be easily arranged to avoid the escape of steam altogether. However, the extraordinary handiness and compactness of this new power, the ability to turn her power to any kind of work, the ease with which she is guided by the aid of the steerage wheel, will, without any measure of doubt, render her the indispensable companion of man wherever great works are in progress, or mighty engines have to be lifted and conveyed from place to place in the ordinary course of the day's work. To the arsenal and dockyard the engine now at work there is invaluable, and the cost has been so much less than horse-power that two teams have already been dispensed with. In the old days of horse-traction it was a common thing to see skilled hands, earning five shillings a-day, employed at mere labourers' work in certain emergencies, for want of a full supply of traction power; now all this is saved by the ever ready power of this manageable monster, which promises to become the common drudge of man in every field of exertion where gigantic powers have to be called into action. We have something to say of an Act of Parliament of last session, by which the Home Secretary is empowered, at his arbitrary discretion, to forbid the passage of steam traction-engines on the common highways, but our remarks upon this subject must be reserved till next week.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN INDUSTRY.

ALMOST as numerous and as various as the scenes that the orb of day itself shines upon are the sun-pictures we see in our stationers' windows and in every house we visit. How few of us who remember distinctly the first efforts of photography in taking the imprints of feathers, leaves, and bits of lace, would have predicted from those childish essays so great, so wonderful, so rapidly produced an industry as photography has now become! Not that we are at all disposed to sing an unmitigated praise of photographers or their pictures, for with thorough artist's feelings we see in their ordinary productions the defects of composition, the absence of that picture-painting of unspoken thoughts and the want of many an other quality that goes to make a perfect picture, while we as painfully perceive in many a way the deleterious effects of their productions on the prospects and qualities of painter-artists; but its good outbalances its evils, and photography flourishes and increases. A portrait is, however, not a likeness *because* it is taken with a lens on a chemical preparation. The so-called portrait may be, often is—oftener perhaps is than not—a greater or less distortion. Strong lenses are used for portraits to make the figure stand sharply from the background, and

these, unless worked by the best opticians—and there are far more bad lenses than good ones—distort the features, especially in making the nose and other prominences improperly large in respect to the rest of the face, such as we may see in caricature proportions by looking at our own on the back of a spoon. Landscapes, for which flatter lenses are used, fail more generally for want of delicate chemical manipulation, which shows itself in the absence of those slight gradations of tint that give air and distance to all natural scenery. It is not, however, our intention or our wish to dwell on the difficulties of photography: we admit them to be very great. The most beautiful face may be spoiled by a very little distortion, and the finest landscape as we see it may be marred by some slight defect, defaced by a single blot. The painter-artist, too, draws on his imagination, and puts in groups of pleasing figures where no figures were, and adds to the scenery his copies thoughts and fancies not less charming of his own. But the photographer has before him Nature as she is. The clouds may blacken the landscape where he wants it pale, or the sunlight may not fall exactly as he wishes; some ugly object may come full in sight, or some slight projection obscure a telling point of the view: he cannot leave the ugly object out, he cannot raise his instrument as he could his head above the obstruction; the camera is his brush, and the sensitized paper his solitary colour. And neither his brush can he handle nor his colour can he mix as he wishes or as he likes. Each has a way of its own; each is inflexible, intractable, and cannot be bent or turned from its rigid exactness. What is bad the photographer must hide or put out; and this, too, with whatever materials or means may be at hand. With such difficulties in his way and besetting him at every turn, the wonder is how much that is really artistic has been done. We now have most admirable works by Mayall, Claudet, and some few others, in whose miniature-portraits we see every feature charmingly portrayed and the characteristic action, or the familiar look, even to a smile or a frown, successfully caught by the operator, who must not only be a good artist but a good chemist to achieve such results. It is not a little curious to observe the social effects of these solar-chemical operations in portrait-taking in the world at large. The old miniature-painters as a class have already died out, and the like of the exquisite stippings of Ross, Andrew Robertson, Chalon, Stuart, Thorburn, and Newton, are now nowhere to be seen; and although one cannot regret that the race of daubers of both great and small deformations of the "human face divine," who in the days of our youth earned competent incomes by the practice of their worthless unpictorial libels, should be extinct, one can but grieve that there should be no encouragement at all for the production of such exquisite gems as those of Miss Coutts by Ross, the Empress of Russia by Mrs. Robertson, *cum multis aliis* of our nobility by those exquisite artists we have named. But if we have lost something in artists we have gained something in gratification. If our curiosity be excited by daring deeds or prominent actions, the lens and chemical paper present the doer and the place to our eyes, and we see what manner of man he is, and where the event took place. Our kings, queens, and princes, our statesmen and scholars, our pretty women and our mountebanks, may be bought for eighteen-pence apiece—genuine likenesses; for the lower priced articles may or may not be such. Is there a Royal marriage, instantly a Mayall produces *cartes de visite* of the Prince, his bride, and all the bridesmaids; and in the provinces Burton & Sons, of Leicester, rival the best of London houses with pictures of presents to the Princess—his exquisite photograph of the Birmingham silver table falling short in colour only of more than could be done by Lance's inimitable skill. Is there a "world's fair" at Kensington, the London Stereoscopic Company gives us mementos of every department of the busy scene and of the machinery, sculptures, wares, and pictures in it. Or their artists follow our future King to his private retreat, and send amongst his people's homes thousands of views of Sandringham. Every kind of scene, every sort of being, from man to oysters and seaweeds to monkeys, from ripples on the shore to palaces and churches, are thus produced not only in our own, and in lands around, but in countries far away. The scenes of ancient grandeur that Karnak and Thebes present in ruins, and those in Palestine made holy by the memory of the presence of the Divine founder of our faith, are laid before us with the most marvellous fidelity and the utmost pictorial beauty by a Bedford; while the faithful transcripts of wonderful scenery of Switzerland and the Alps, delicately rendered by the Parisian Bissons, are imported by hundreds by Mr. De la Rue. Nor are these recordings of scenes and scenery left solely to artist-traders, or traders in art. Amateurs bring home from their travels not the least valuable—perhaps the most so—of these nature-records. From tropical Africa and polar Spitzbergen alike these pictures come. Pictures of mountain and moor, of desert, ruin, and forest, of mountain peak and pass, of glaciers and flowing river, of savage chieftain and unclad aboriginal, and samples of the many kinds of man, and these the works of many a traveller, usefully find a way into the world through the Amateurs' Society.

There is nothing perhaps more laborious than drawing architectural details, and there are few things that people generally feel more interest in than ancient buildings. The fine cathedral and the beautiful church—built in days when, whatever the faults of the monks, men strove earnestly and well to make their houses of religious worship as worthy as human art and human hands could make them of the great Being to whose honour they are dedicated,—are the first-sought objects of the tourist; the ancient castle, with weather-beaten battlements and towers exciting memories of past history, comes next; while a mouldering house of three or four

centuries ago is cherished as a domestic relic of our ancestors in an age when tables and chairs were stouter than cabinet-makers now produce, and photographers were not. These all require in their pictures thousands of details, from the form, size, and aspect of a stone or brick, to every cankering touch Time's ruthless hand has put to the florid sculpturing of the lofty façade and the innumerable chisellings of the mouldings. Such labour and such skill as this requires was rarely bestowed, and if bestowed was costly in the extreme and ranked amongst the highest efforts of art in the hands of Roberts and such like men. Here and there and now and then some enthusiastic architect made sketches of some bit or portion as an example of the rest, but all this was desultory and fragmentary; we were never sure that the face or form of the statue was correctly given, the tracery exactly outlined, or the mere builder's work truthfully rendered. And here photography has done real good service. We may regret the sudden blackness of the shadows under arches and doorways, the want of perfect clearness in the half lights, but the main mass of the portion of building taken in by the camera is rendered in the photograph with such perfection of detail as no human patience could attain to, no hand acquire the power of rendering. The exact symmetry and proportions are retained; every film flaked by the winds and weather from the once smooth stone, every roughness, every joint, crevice, and cranny comes out, and half-effaced bas-reliefs often appear with more distinctness than in the object itself, the slight condensing of the rays of light by the lens, and their consequent stronger action on the silver-salt, producing intenser chemical action, and consequently more power of defining shadow. The smaller views of buildings are of course no more than other views; but to these the stereoscope gives advantages no mere artist's sketch could possibly possess; while the larger photographs by the Bissons and others—such as the Escalier de Francois Premier in the Chateau de Blois, the Hotel de Ville of Louvain, the Church of St. Ouen, and the pinnacles of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, the apses of Bayeux and Caen Cathedrals—are not only works of art, but transcripts of the highest interest and value to architects and antiquaries, so much so as to have given rise to a special society for their production and distribution. The still larger details of the statues over the central doorway of Notre Dame, by Bisson, in which the figures are thirteen inches in absolute height, even more decisively show how appropriate and useful the photographer's art is for such purposes. In Mr. Bedford's charming scenes in Egypt and the Holy Land, taken during the travels of the Prince of Wales, there is the same remarkable clearness and precision of architectural details, although his pictures are on a far smaller scale than those we have referred to, and this notwithstanding his great and successful efforts to pictorialize his views. In this latter respect his use of his optical instrument, his judicious choice of figures and selections of their positions, with the various delicate and unexposed manoeuvres to produce effects, and the tender manipulation of his pictures, renders them really works of art, and takes Mr. Bedford out of the ranks of mere manipulators, and places him in that of true artists.

Pictures, too, have been already subjects for photographers. It is true we only get a sepia-like sketch of that which is gorgeous or sombre with colour in the original painting, according to the subject, and thus lose half the effect the artists had produced. But even this is much. Engravings, whether on metal or wood, are costly, and, like photographs, deal only in black and white; moreover, the copyist has to reduce in size, and his drawing is therefore very likely to be inaccurate and out of proportion. So far, then, in this respect photography is a gain. If the mere sight-seer enters a picture-gallery, and wishes to bring away some mementos of what he has seen, he cannot have them in a more accurate, cheaper, or more convenient form than as photographs on paper. For the artist such photographs would convey all that perhaps he wanted to remember, except colour, which a few pencil notes would supply sufficiently for him. Engravings, too, are costly, and must be good and careful to be of value; so that for pictures photography seems a highly fitting means of illustration. In proof of this we have but to show the photographs of Bingham or Michelez. The copies of "Le Rencontre de Faust et Marguerite," by Tissot; the "Et in Arcadia Ego," by Boulanger; "Les Sirènes," by Barrias; the "Madame Mère," by Müller; the "Au Bord de la Mer," by Lehmann; the "Traversée du Havre à Honfleur," by Biard; the "Chien de Temps," by Horace Vernet; "Les Joueurs d'Echecque," and "La Rixe," by Meissonier, photographed by Bingham, are equal in their pictorial results to engravings, and preferable in many other respects, especially in that they give us something evident of the feeling, touch, expression, and peculiarity of the artist's pencillings in the original pictures, and which are more or less always lost in the individuality of the engraver's touch. Equally good are the photographs by Michelez of "The Stolen Child," by Schlesinger; the "Promenade du Luxembourg au XVIIIe Siècle," by Monfallet; "Une Lessive à la Cervara," by Curzon; the "Manon Lescaut," by Charles Hue; the "Troupeau de Moutons," by Jacque; the "Norwegian Bride," by Tidemann; and "A Street in Antwerp," by Jules Noel. Prize pictures and the new works of modern painters, as well as the pictures of the old masters, may thus be rendered familiar in every household where the inmates are educated; and controversy with the finer and more subtle picturings of the human imagination can but be conducive to intellectual habits, and to the development of those finer and more sensitive feelings which are the priceless pearls and ornaments of human existence.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH.

THE daily increasing perfection attained in the process of sinking artesian borings leads to the hope that works of this nature may become sufficiently numerous and inexpensive to render great services to agriculture in districts now untitled because of their aridity. The Algerian wells executed by M. Degousie are already doing good service in this respect; while a recent note of M. Hervé Mangon shows that science also is reaping some extraneous information from such labours of the engineer. At Passy the artesian wells have been found to be a novel means of studying subterranean phenomena that otherwise would escape observation. From the 28th October, 1861, to the 31st March, 1862, M. Mangon measured every day the proportion of solid matter brought by the waters here to the surface of the earth. On comparing the figures thus obtained with the list published by M. Perrey of earthquakes observed during the same period, it was readily seen that the waters were much more muddy in proportion to the greater frequency of earthquakes. Neglecting altogether the feeble trepidations constantly observed at Nice and earthquakes noted in far distant countries, his attention was concentrated on the more characteristic facts, amongst which he cites that on the 14th November, 1861, when the earthquake was felt in Switzerland, the muddiness of the waters rose from 62 grains per cubic metre to 147 grains, falling the next day to 91 grains. On the 17th and 18th of the same month there were earthquakes in Greece, and on the 19th in the district of Naples, when the proportion of sediment rose from 101 grains to 207, and from 254 grains at last to 338 grains, decreasing immediately afterwards. An earthquake occurred in the Valais on the 24th November, when the proportion rose from 232 grains to 390 grains, falling the next day to 305 grains, but remounting on the 26th November to 433 grains at the time of an earthquake at Potenza, near Naples. The eruption of Vesuvius which took place on the 8th December, 1861, was preceded and followed by frequent tremblings of the earth, and the muddiness of the waters attained on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th the enormous proportions of 5,052, 1,704, 1,098, and 1,874 grains per cubic metre. Towards the end of January, during February and the beginning of March, the waters were comparatively little altered, the tremblings of the earth having become less numerous; nevertheless, their influence was still apparent in the large though variable quantities of sediment; whilst from the 16th to the 31st of March, when the earthquakes at Vesuvius and Torre Vieja were very frequent, the sedimentary matter became again extremely abundant. Such experiments can only be made, M. Mangon thinks, when the artesian wells are newly sunk, for the water becomes clear as soon as a chamber is formed at the bottom of the pipe sufficiently large to permit the settlement of the water before it ascends in a column to the surface.

MR. MACLACHLAN, of Manchester, proposes the preservation, in our local and other museums, of the photograph negatives of eminent individuals.

A NEW sleeping-car, 56 feet long, has lately been put on the Chicago Railway, U.S. It is divided into three rooms, the main one being 38 feet, and containing twenty beds. The saloons at each end are 9 feet long, and are fitted with lavatories, mirrors, sofas, and other accommodation. Sleeping-carriages would be very desirable in our mail and night trains.

CAST-STEEL mountain-howitzers are being prepared at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, for immediate service in India, on Mr. Lancaster's system of oval-bore rifling.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHENCE DID JULIUS CÆSAR START ON HIS INVASIONS OF BRITAIN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—An account given by Dr. Guest in the last number of the *Athenæum* of a paper read by him to the Archæological Society, and noticed in your article on the Congress at Rochester, on the place whence Julius Cæsar set sail for his invasions of Britain, is so interesting that I cannot forbear making a few remarks upon it in connection with a journey of my own last year, through the part of the French coast he speaks of. The narrative in the *Commentaries* informs us that Cæsar with 800 ships started from the Portus Icius, whence the transit was "commodissimum" into Britain. There has been some controversy whether this Portus Icius was situated where the town of Boulogne now stands, or whether its site was rather the neighbourhood of the little village of Wissant—the advocates for the former contending that the port of Boulogne is by far the most convenient starting-point, while the patrons of the latter opinion rely upon the passage from Wissant, which is close to the Cape Gris-Nez, being considerably shorter.

Dr. Guest, having given much attention to the point, and carefully studied the localities in dispute, is led strongly to support the claims of Wissant to be the veritable Portus Icius. And as a walk which I undertook from Boulogne to Calais, and which impressed the whole of the coast-line strongly in my memory, affords me the means of corroborating much that he has said, it has occurred to me that a sketch of it might not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

I reached Ambleteuse about noon, and on consulting an innkeeper, at whose house I took some refreshment, as to the best means of completing my journey to Calais, he informed me that I might arrive at Wissant about sunset, and strongly recommended me to take up my quarters there for the night, a friend of his being able to afford me accommodation. It is unnecessary to mention any further particulars until my arrival at Gris-Nez, a bold promontory, the magnificent lighthouse on which is visible from a great distance. One could hardly stand there and look upon the white cliffs on the opposite coast with-

out being struck with the idea of how justly the expression "commodissimum" might be applied to the passage thence, if there were a port sufficiently large near at hand. It is indeed the nearest point to England, and the distance not more than sixteen miles. I had the pleasure of inspecting the beautiful lighthouse established here, and which is, as Dr. Guest truly remarks, a just subject of pride to the Government by which it was erected. Four or five miles to the north-east was the equally bold promontory of Blanc-Nez, of which I have a very lively recollection, from a drenching in a thunder-storm to which I was exposed the next morning. Between was a tract of low ground, nearly at the other end of which was the village of my destination, Wissant, and it is to the nature of this tract that Dr. Guest's observations principally refer. The sea-line takes the form of a bay, and he conceives that in Cæsar's time this bay was of much larger dimensions than it now is, and formed a port sufficiently large to contain the 800 ships with which his second invasion was made. We know that the action of the sea along that coast tends to fill up such bays by a gradual accumulation of sandhills, through which the various rivulets which flow into them force their way. To such a process the whole country of Holland owes its origin, and many other examples of it might be mentioned. And this is the appearance presented by the two or three miles of country between Cape Gris-Nez and Wissant. For some distance I amused myself by traversing the sandhills; for another part by walking along the flat, shifting sands below, being frequently obliged to wade in places where the sea had worn a channel further up, indicating the way in which the sandhills above had doubtless been formed. Beyond the sandhills inland, and separating them from the higher ground, is a large plain, intersected with rivulets, one of which, the Rieu d'Herlan, flows afterwards through Wissant itself. All this tract, then, Dr. Guest supposes, with a high degree of probability, to have been at the time of the Roman invasions a large bay or port, the Portus Icius in fact of Cæsar, at one end of which was the site of Wissant, then unbuilt; and in this port there would have been ample room for the great commander to have accommodated his 800 ships previous to his memorable voyage.

It is known, indeed, that afterwards, during the time when the Romans held sway over Britain, the site of Boulogne was the place whence the passage into this island was habitually made. But Dr. Guest supposes that they were induced to prefer this to the nearer Portus Icius, on account of the great barrenness of the country about Wissant, which in those times would have been a serious inconvenience in a place through which traffic was constantly taking place.

W. T. L.

PLANETARY ATMOSPHERES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your "Scientific Intelligence" there appeared, last Saturday, an account of the interesting observations of Father Secchi on planetary atmospheres. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of these observations to criticise them; but I would ask your readers not to accept too easily the conclusion that the atmospheric lines and bands of the spectrum are due to aqueous vapour. This may, perhaps, be the origin of some, as $C_{1,2}$, $C_{1,3}$, δ , ζ , and η , but I do not believe that the whole have the same origin. In a communication to the Royal Society, published in the "Proceedings" for June 20, 1861, I showed reasons against this belief, as was indeed done previously by Sir David Brewster and myself in the remarks that accompanied our map of the atmospheric lines. These lines have been clearly seen after several days of frost, when, of course, the aqueous vapour in the air was reduced to a minimum, and some of them appear quite independent of the amount of visible or invisible water in the atmosphere. I trust many will be induced by the discoveries of Secchi and others to follow up these observations on atmospheric bands and lines under various meteorological conditions, and thus throw further light on their origin. A good pocket spectroscope is sufficient for observing them.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. H. GLADSTONE.

London, August 18, 1862.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alford's (Dean) Sermons on Christian Doctrine. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Henry's First Latin Book. 17th edit. 12mo., 3s.
 Aurora Floyd, by M. E. Braddon. 6th edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Battle (The) Won: an Epic Poem. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Briot's (M.) Elements of Arithmetic. Translated by J. Spear. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Brook Farm: American Country Life. By Rev. J. Bolton. 16mo., 2s.
 Children's (The) Progressive Lyceum. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
 Clark's (Uriah) Plain Guide to Spiritualism. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Cox's (E. W.) The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking; in Letters to a Law Student. 12mo., 10s. 6d.
 Denton's (W. & E.) The Soul of Things: Psychometric Researches. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Dodd's (W.) Three Weeks in Majorca. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Gatty's (Mrs.) Parables from Nature. New edit. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Gottheil's (Rev. P. E.) Messiah: the Hope of Israel. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
 Hamilton's (Janet) Poems and Essays. 5th edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Initials (The). By the author of "Quits." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 May's (T. E.) Treatise on the Laws, Privileges, and Usages of Parliament. 5th edit. 8vo., £1. 12s.
 Milne-Edwards's (M.) Manual of Zoology. Translated by Dr. R. Knox. 2nd edit. Fcap., 5s. 6d.
 Mommsen's (T.) History of Rome. Translated by W. P. Dickson. Vol. 3. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Neale's (R. V.) Analogy of Thought and Nature. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Pearson's (R.) Analysis of the Human Mind. 8vo., 5s.
 Reading for the Railroad. 18mo., 9d.
 Shakespeare. Chambers's Household Edition. Ten vols. Fcap., £1. 15s.
 Shirley's (John) The Golden Gleanings: Sketches of Female Bible Characters. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Story (The) of Elizabeth. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Tait's (W.) Seeds of Thought. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Tuttle's (H.) Arcana of Nature. Vol. 2. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Unger's (Dr. F.) Ideal Views of the Primitive World. 4to., £2. 2s.
 Village Sermons. By a Northamptonshire Rector. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Warren (Mrs.) and Pullan's (Mrs.) Treasures in Needlework. 3rd edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Wigham's (Eliza) The Anti-Slavery Cause in America, and its Martyrs. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Williams's (Rev. C.) Dogs and their Ways. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Wood's (Isaac) Prize Essays in "The British Workman." Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Wordsworth's (Dr. C.) Theophilus Anglicanus. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.

CHURCH REFORM.

THE subject of Church Reform becomes every year more pressing, and the extent to which it has engaged the attention of Parliament during the late session shows that it cannot be much longer delayed. Indeed, that change of some kind is imminent, seems to be admitted on all sides. The question is, Shall reform proceed from within or from without; from the friends of the Church or from her enemies? With the view of elucidating the difficulties which surround the subject, and discussing such reforms as will effect the most good with the least disturbance to the fabric of the Church, a series of articles will be commenced in THE LONDON REVIEW on Saturday, the 5th of September.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—DEUTSCHES TURNFEST.—FESTIVAL of the GERMAN GYMNASIAC SOCIETY, WEDNESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 26th, when a Series of OLYMPIC GAMES and GYMNASIAC EXERCISES will be undertaken by Members of the Society resident in England. There are more than 2,000 Turner Societies in Germany, which include 175,000 members.

In the evening there will be a GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, concluding with a MONSTER BONFIRE.

Admission, ONE SHILLING; Children Half-price.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW.—The AUTUMN SHOW of FLOWERS and FRUIT will be held on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st and 2nd.

Admission, ONE SHILLING; Children Half-price.

For schedules of prizes, apply to Mr. W. Houghton, Secretary to the Show Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—THIRTY-THIRD MEETING, to be held at NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, 26th AUGUST, 1863.

The Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science for this year will be held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 26th of AUGUST next, under the Presidency of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, C.B., &c.

On this occasion it is expected that many of the Corresponding Members of the Association (to all of whom invitations have been sent) and a large number of British Members will be present.

Invitations have been accepted to visit the Lead Mines of W. B. Beaumont, Esq., as well as the Cleveland Iron districts at the request of the Corporation of Middlesbrough. The Mayors of Sunderland and South Shields have kindly expressed a desire to receive, and assist in promoting the views of such Members as may visit their respective Boroughs.

Excursions have been arranged to the Northumberland Lakes—the Cannobie Coalfield—and the necessary means taken to secure ready access to all the leading Mining and Manufacturing Establishments of the district, embracing, in addition to Mines of Coal, Iron, and Lead, very extensive works for the production of Chemicals, Machinery, Glass, Iron Vessels, Fire Clay, &c.

The time appointed for the Meeting is thought to be convenient for Members of the Foreign and British Universities, and the facilities for travelling to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, especially from the Continent of Europe, are now very complete.

Both the General and Local Officers will exert themselves to make the visit of their Associates both agreeable and satisfactory, and it is expected that the gathering at Newcastle-upon-Tyne will be great in numbers, and of unusual interest.

Communications intended for presentation to any of the Sections may be addressed to the Local Secretaries, and should be accompanied by a statement whether the author will be present, and on what day of the Meeting, so that the business of the sections may be properly arranged.

As the objects of the Association are especially scientific, papers on History, Biography, Literature, Art, &c., are necessarily inadmissible.

Gentlemen may be proposed as Life Members on payment of £10. Subscriptions for New Members, £2 for the first year; Subscriptions for Old Members, £1; Payments of Associates of the Meeting, £1; Ladies' Tickets (obtained through a Member), £1.

Names of Candidates for admission are to be sent to the Local Secretaries.

For any further information respecting the local arrangements, lodgings, or other matters, application may be made to the Local Secretaries, and tickets will be issued to the Members on application, to enable them to travel to and from the Meeting for one fare over the chief railways.

A. NOBLE,
R. C. CLAPHAM,
A. H. HUNT, } Local Secretaries for
the Meeting in
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

SECRETARIES' OFFICES:

Literary and Philosophical Society, Westgate-street.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July, 1863.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The next MEETING will be held at NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, commencing on Wednesday, AUGUST 26th, 1863, under the Presidency of Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, F.R.S.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to G. Griffith, M.A., Assistant General Secretary; or to Captain Noble; Augustus H. Hunt, Esq.; R. C. Clapham, Esq., Local Secretaries, Westgate-street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

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